



# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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VIEW OF WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.  
NEW YORK.—THE CENTENNIAL OF THE DECLARATION OF PEACE AT NEWBURGH, AT THE CLOSE OF THE  
REVOLUTIONARY WAR.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 139.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

55, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 20, 1883.

### THE ELECTION IN OHIO.

IT is scarcely too much to say that the triumph of the Democratic Party in Ohio is almost if not quite without significance so far as national issues are concerned. The one question which, above all others, determined the result was that of temperance; and the champions of an unrestrained liquor traffic, marching unitedly and solidly under the Democratic flag, have won a victory over the party which, upon that important issue, is divided in opinions. The Republican Party in Ohio, though not in favor of prohibition, is for putting the liquor traffic under regulations so stringent that the great body of saloon-keepers and their patrons, whatever in other respects may be their political affiliations, have been driven in self-defense to set themselves in array against it. And a formidable array it is, to be sure, when it presents itself as the right wing of a party otherwise strongly entrenched in ancient traditions, prejudices and convictions.

It is simply a historic truth that, whatever in any State of this Union has been done by way of legislation to restrict the liquor traffic since 1856 has been done by the Republican Party, and that the friends of prohibition, though a minority almost everywhere, belong generally to that party. Whenever, therefore, the Prohibitionists have chosen to nominate candidates of their own, the effect has been, by dividing the Republican and strengthening the Democratic Party, to play directly into the hands of the liquor dealers. In other words, the cause of free rum has found its most efficient allies in the zealous friends of temperance, who, being unable to force the Republican Party on to the ground of Prohibition, in opposition to its honest convictions, have frequently chosen to aid in sweeping away all restrictions whatever upon the sale of intoxicating drinks. This is just what has now happened in Ohio. The Republicans there went to the full extent of their constitutional power in the enactment of what is known as the Scott law, which put a tax upon the saloons so heavy as to close a vast number of them and compel the rest to furnish a revenue relieving the people of taxation to the amount of more than \$2,000,000 annually. Having done this, they also submitted to the people a Prohibitory Amendment to the Constitution, thus giving them an opportunity, if they were so inclined, to lay the necessary foundation for dealing even more sternly with the traffic which is so fearful a source of pauperism and crime.

One would have thought that the friends of Prohibition, while rallying to the support of the proposed Constitutional Amendment, would have been inclined to so cast their votes as to keep in power the party that had aided them thus far—the party, moreover, to which most of them have hitherto belonged, and which is entirely responsive to public opinion upon this subject. But their course has been exactly the reverse of this. By nominating candidates of their own they diverted, it is supposed, from fifteen to twenty thousand votes from the Republicans, thus insuring the triumph of the party hostile alike to Prohibition and the Scott law. Like the man in a tree, who cawed off the limb on which the weight of his own body hung, and broke his neck by falling to the earth, they have driven from power the party most thoroughly imbued with temperance principles and given the liquor-dealers the very triumph they sought. Was there ever a sadder exhibition of human folly on the part of men who really have at heart the welfare of the State?

The vote in favor of the Prohibitory amendment in Ohio is heavy, but the latest reports show a very decided majority against it. But suppose it is adopted, what then? Is a Democratic legislature likely to adopt the legislation necessary for its enforcement? Everybody knows there is not the slightest chance of this. But if a Republican Governor and Legislature had been chosen, the voice of the people on this subject would have been respected and an effort made in good faith to adjust legislation to the new circumstances. As it is, the friends of temperance have got themselves into a slough and must get out as they can. They will, most probably, have to do their work all over again under conditions most unfavorable. The distrust of prohibitory legislation remains as strong as ever, and will not be diminished by the unrestricted flow of rum. Thousands upon thousands of sincere temperance men verily believe that the liquor traffic, no more than profane swearing, can be stopped by constitutional amendments and statutes, and that the attempt to accomplish the object by such means will prove a sorry farce. They believe, moreover, that nothing can be more demoralizing than the presence

upon the statute book of laws which public sentiment does not enforce.

In saying these things we are not making a plea for the Republican Party in itself, but exposing the folly of those who, while agreeing with it in its general principles and policy, forsake it because it is not a Prohibitory Party, thereby sacrificing other great interests and helping to make a general jubilee all over the country for the enemies of sound morals and social order.

### EVACUATION DAY.

AT last New York is to have a centennial celebration—on the 25th of November of this year—to commemorate the evacuation of the city by the British and the occupation of the then Colonial village by the troops of General Washington. By an Act of the last Legislature this day has been declared a legal holiday, and the statute has received the sanction of the Governor. It is a singular fact, however, that this holiday applies alone to the City of New York as now corporately constituted, and all other parts of the State are negatively enjoined from giving up their civil duties. This, according to the spirit of the new Constitution of the State which prohibits special or local legislation, looks like a plain invasion of the mandate of the fundamental law. If the Corporation of the City of New York may enjoy a holiday because of some historic occasion, why may not some other corporation be declared not responsible to the everyday law because of some local circumstance equally interesting and cherished by the descendants of her pioneers? It will be seen that this opens a very peculiar question, and it is all the graver because nearly every county in the State is the scene of some stirring historical incident which must soon have its centennial year. Should the precedent be followed, therefore, there would be a succession of holidays throughout the State when legal contracts could not be fulfilled, and when the value of commercial paper would be peculiarly jeopardized.

In calling attention to this unique feature of the forthcoming celebration, however, it is only designed to show that such a great event in the history of the chief commercial city of the Union and the State should not have been made merely a local bonfire. The New York of 1783 was, in a much larger sense, the New York of the defiant Revolutionary Colony than it is now the life, the capital, and commerce of the continent. The city, it is true, was in the hands of the British throughout the whole period of the Revolutionary War, from August 26th, 1776, when, by the results of the battle of Long Island, New York fell into the English hands and so remained until the end of the struggle. The history of that occupation is to this day a theme upon which some of the surviving families dwell with joy. Their ancestors were Royalists who had basked in the sunshine of the vulgar Colonial Court, and the mementoes of these hostile families to the patriotic cause are now the chief heirlooms of the nobocracy who date their aristocratic blood, not from the brave defenders of that liberty which made our present existence as a nation a possibility, but from the insolent favorites of George III., who had their lazy military occupations in New York. It is a melancholy circumstance that, to a few of the descendants of these families, the anniversary of the evacuation of the city by the British troops is looked upon as a deplorable event. These facts are well known to every one well acquainted with the structure of New York society, and it is therefore with a feeling of wondering pride that we may contemplate the entry of Washington and his troops into the city on that eventful November day—feeling, as the noble-minded and war-tired Virginian did, that he was walking in triumph through a powerful body of Colonial aristocrats who had wished the overthrow of the Colonial arms. The troops of the Revolutionary chieftain remembered, too, that during their long occupation the British had destroyed nearly all of the churches except those of the Episcopal faith, devoting these sacred edifices to stables and riding-schools, and that they had closed the schools and colleges of the city. While a century has buried all of these insane follies of the reign of George III., the day will recall what pride the afterwards First President of the United States must have felt on his entry to the city where he first took his oath of office, and where the new era of the Western Hemisphere began. Gibbon, in none of his sonorous phraseology, which he constructed to bound epochs and to describe chieftains alone, has told any story in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" which, measured by its great results, could exceed this crowning, and yet very rude and simple, pageant of the Revolutionary War. The events which succeeded Evacuation Day were also notable in the history of America. In 1785 the First Federal Congress organized at the City Hall, on the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, and it was here, on April

30th, 1789, that Washington was inaugurated as President, the adoption of the Federal Constitution having been grandly celebrated during the previous year.

It is on this spot, where now stands the Sub-Treasury, the financial centre of the Western World, that the statue from the chisel and brain of J. Q. A. Ward will be unveiled on the ceremonial day. This work is the testimonial of the Chamber of Commerce, founded as early as 1768, and which still remains the chief commercial body of the city, representing now, as then, the solidity and wealth of New York.

As to this day in general, it is enough to say that there can be no more interesting occasion for the New Yorker, or for one who loves to study the history of the lower part of the city and to revere the old landmarks of the Revolution and measure their significance in the hurly-burly, the ceaseless commotion, of our metropolitan life.

He who does not mark well the significance of Evacuation Day as potent in our national and local history will scarcely comprehend what the United States would have been had they remained separate and independent British colonies!

### SOME OF THE SURPLUS.

WE learn that a project is on foot for the judicious disposal of a portion of the revenue which the Federal Government now derives from taxes. It is obvious that the United States Treasury will shortly be in receipt of an annual revenue of from one to two hundred million dollars in excess of all expenditures, and the question how to dispose of this heavy surplus is distracting publicists. It has been proposed to divide this aggregate among the States according to population; but there are so many serious objections to this plan that it seems now to be abandoned by tacit consent. Another obvious way out of the difficulty is to abolish the taxes; but this meets the prompt opposition of all the protective tariff men on the one hand, and on the other hand of all who consider the use of tobacco and spirituous liquors a harmful luxury which should be subjected to heavy penalties. Even if Congress, next Winter, should abolish the income taxes wholly, it would not solve the problem, for the duties on imports alone produce a revenue far greater than the Government has any need of, so that the dilemma would still face us.

Recently we have heard a plan outlined, originating with a leading United States Senator, and to be urged by him in the next Congress, which, if adopted, will afford temporary relief, and at the same time will furnish the only real protection the people can have against extortionists who are now robbing them. The Senator said: "We do not need to abolish taxation, but only to spend the money wisely. The first thing we ought to do is to appropriate thirty million dollars with which to duplicate the lines of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and place them under the control of the Post Office Department. It is estimated by experts that telegraph lines could be built for thirty million dollars so as to reach far beyond the region now served by the Western Union, and to include even small towns. Mr. Gould says that if the Government wants to go into telegraphing, it ought to give a hundred million dollars for the property and franchises of the Western Union—twenty-five million dollars for its visible property and seventy-five million dollars for its stock; but I don't see why we should buy its stock when we can build another similar line for twenty-five millions, because the stock represents merely the hopes of certain men that they will be able to make six millions of dollars a year by charging the American people more than it would cost them to do the same work. I am in favor of building a great system, equipping it thoroughly, establishing a uniform rate of ten cents for messages, and letting all men who have gambled on their chance to extort money from the people look out for themselves!"

This is a bold project. It appeals directly to every citizen who ever sends a telegraphic message. An attempt will be made, in all probability, to get an approval of it into the next Republican platform. We are curious to see how it is received by the newspaper press of the country at this moment of victory and defeat, when the eyes of all politicians are fixed on the prizes of 1884.

### BELL AND CRUCIFIX.

A CONTROVERSY much like that which periodically arises in the large cities over the ringing of church-bells has broken out in a Connecticut town over the erection of a crucifix in one of the public streets. This structure is described as about fourteen feet in height, and bearing a life-sized figure of the Saviour nailed upon it. The position given it is very conspicuous, immediately in front of a Roman Catholic church, where it is visible from the chief streets, and also from the railroad cars as they pass through the town. Its sponsors and friends claim the right to maintain it as a matter

of religious worship, and upon the principle dear to every American that all denominations have full and equal right to freedom in ceremonies of religion. Objectors say that it is shocking to Protestant feeling; and all the more so because of its deficiencies in an artistic view; they complain that it is made of mere painted wood; that the wood and paint are already cracking and peeling under the influence of the weather; that the image is commonplace and inexpressive, the blood from the wounded side is represented as trickling sideways instead of downwards, and the whole is unworthy to be used as a religious emblem. A remonstrance addressed to the priest and parish by which the cross was erected failed of effect. The question then easily ran into village politics, and at a late election of town officers a special ticket was nominated of men who would seek a removal of the objectionable symbol. But they were not elected; and the question stands open.

It ought by this time to be understood that freedom in religious observances, whether bells or crosses, assemblies or street preachers, is subject to reasonable regulation by law, and is subordinate to the general peace, comfort, health and welfare of the community as a whole. Many persons are under an impression that the Constitution of the United States guarantees religious liberty everywhere; but this is an error. That instrument only forbids Congress from legislating upon religion. There is nothing in it to prevent any of the States from establishing a favored form, or restricting any forms disapproved. A majority of the State Constitutions have, it is true, asserted the principle of religious freedom. But these guarantees of religious liberty are limited by the bounds of morality and the common welfare; they protect private faith and worship; they do not authorize enthusiasts of any creed to perpetuate observances which are generally mischievous or offensive. Thus, in the noted Supreme Court decision against polygamy, where the accused strove to defend it as a religious tenet, the Court said very firmly that the American doctrine of religious liberty protects freedom of opinion, but does not prevent the laws from suppressing actions which are in violation of social duties or subversive of good order. In other words, faith is free, but conduct is subject to law.

The matter of noisy bells was considered in Massachusetts about a year ago, in a case quite free from the religious element, as the bell was rung at a mill for the purpose of calling the operators from their homes, scattered over the vicinity, to their work. Neighbors complained. And the Supreme Court of the State said that if the noise was proved to be such as to "constitute an annoyance to a person of ordinary sensibility, such as to interfere with human comfort and impair the reasonable enjoyment of the homes in the neighborhood, it might be forbidden by an injunction"; and it was so forbidden. There is abundant authority for applying the same principle to church-bells; for suppressing them as nuisances, wherever the place and the manner of ringing are such as to make them seriously obnoxious to ordinary and reasonable people. Churches are protected in their faith and worship, but not in serious annoyance of the community.

A crucifix in an open street cannot be condemned without a candid examination of the circumstances, but every one must admit there are limits to the right of exhibiting one. In Venice, in 1805, a fanatic named Lovat prepared, in his lodging-room, a cross, on which he contrived to crucify himself, putting on a crown of thorns, stabbing himself in the side, nailing both feet and one hand to the cross, and impaling the other hand upon a sharp nail previously driven. He then by means of ropes previously arranged, slung cross, man and all out the window, one Sunday morning, in view of the startled townspeople as they came to church. It was done as a religious act, but who will defend it as a right on that account? The recent discussion on the proposal to exhibit the Redeemer's Passion upon the stage illustrates that the religious element does not protect what is shocking to the general sense of the community. Were a question of maintaining in public an image of the Crucifixion brought before the courts, it would be discussed with the utmost tenderness and favor towards sincere religious motives, yet with a firm recognition of the superior rights of the general morality, decency, health and welfare.

### A TAX ON ART.

THIS is the only nation in the world that levies a tariff on fine art productions. The heavy burden laid by last Winter's Congress on foreign works of art—no less than thirty per cent. on the total sum which an uncultured inspector may judge that they are worth—is found to be practically prohibitory, so that henceforth few foreign pictures or statues will come to our shores till the law is repealed. Worse than that; it will not only exclude the work of for-



signers, but it will equally exclude the work of those American artists in Italy and France whom the law was especially framed to benefit. For Italian artists, finding that the American law admits free of duty only the work of Americans abroad, have appealed to their own Government to retaliate by putting an export duty of thirty per cent. on the works which Americans execute in that country. If this bit of natural and just resentment is allowed to take effect, it will seriously harass and oppress, and ultimately ruin, a hundred American artists now domiciled with their families in Rome.

The way out of the dilemma is for Congress at once to repeal the entire tariff on art works, from whatever source. Why should Italy be taxed for serving us as schoolmaster in sculpture? Why should France be punished for teaching us painting? They place the hereditary treasures of centuries at our disposal, and we make the ungrateful return of setting an income tax on the beautiful products of their genius. It is all wrong. Art should be as free as air.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE troubles arising from the insulting treatment of King Alfonso, of Spain, in Paris, are not yet ended. Spain has continued to push her demand for a more formal apology than President Grévy tendered at the time, but France is not disposed to make any further concession. The incident, having led to the retirement of General Thibaudin as French Minister of War, who has been succeeded by General Camponon, has now caused a Cabinet crisis in Spain. The Ministry of that country found themselves unable to agree upon what course should be pursued by the Government in view of the refusal of France to make further reparation, and for these and other reasons they tendered their resignations in a body. The King desired Señor Sagasta to form a new Cabinet, but he declined, and the duty was intrusted to Señor Posada-Herrera. The new Cabinet indorses Señor Gomez as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Señor Dominguez as Minister of War. Various rumors find circulation—one is, that if Spain does not obtain satisfaction for the insults to King Alfonso, Germany will interpose and exact it. The Spanish Ambassador at Paris has tendered his resignation.

The Tonquin difficulty appears as far from settlement as ever. There was a report of more fighting and a victory by the French over a body of Chinese regulars, but it is not confirmed, and seems very improbable. The commander of the Black Flags has issued a furious proclamation against the French, and the delay in the negotiations arouses apprehensions. The Governor of Cochin China has completed an agreement with the King of Cambodia by which the latter will introduce for the future government of his kingdom a new constitution. The agreement confirms the establishment of a French protectorate, provides liberal institutions for the people, establishes measures for the security of property, reorganizes the administrative and judicial systems, and entirely abolishes slavery. It also provides that the collection of indirect taxes shall be intrusted to French officers, and France will receive 66,000 piastres annually.

The Irish campaign continues active, and the National League has passed a resolution condemning the partisan conduct of Earl Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant, in proclaiming the League meeting announced to be held in County Clare, while tolerating the addresses of Sir Stafford Northcote in Ulster, which resulted in an assault upon a convent. The prosecution in the case of O'Donnell, the murderer of Carey, have obtained depositions from all their witnesses, and have placed their whole case before O'Donnell's solicitor.

It is expected that the troubles in Croatia will be ended by the passage in the Hungarian Diet of a resolution providing that the present Croatian inscriptions be retained, and that the Hungarian and bilingual inscriptions be discontinued. The revised estimates of the French budget show a deficit of 55,000,000 francs, which M. Tirard, Minister of Finance, proposes to cover by a reduction of governmental expenses.

A BRIDGEPORT Yankee has constructed a weapon which the wearer may discharge without being seen, which is perfectly noiseless, and which is so gentle in its operation that the victim doesn't know that he is hit till he dies suddenly fifteen minutes afterwards. The gun is a belt that encircles the body, with a small nipple projecting through a button-hole; it is fired merely by bringing the elbow down to the side; and the bullet it discharges through the skin of the victim is a pellet of poison a quarter of an inch long and as large as a pin. Such a weapon must have been invented by the devil in a dream. The Government has declined to patent it; why does not clearly appear, for it might be made the instrument of much good if worked by a practical philanthropist who could be trusted to bring it to bear only upon the right men.

FRANCE, Germany and England dislike the American tariff exceedingly. They denounce it as unfriendly, and ridicule it as unstatesmanlike. But they dislike American swine and cattle even more, and they try to exclude them by declaring them diseased. Germany has banished American pork by alleging trichina against it, and similar action by France was prevented only by the famous gastro-nomic arguments of Minister Morton. In order to insure complete protection while denouncing the monstrous folly of a tariff, Europe needs only to prohibit our wheat on the ground that it is full of deadly spores, our

leather on the ground that it is poisoned in tanning, our hops on the ground that they will induce yellow fever, our petroleum on the ground that it causes the evil eye, and our cotton on the ground that it increases intoxication. In this way they can skillfully protect their producers and at the same time continue to exploit their pet theories of the benefits of free trade.

A PROTRACTED struggle between the police authorities and the gamblers of St. Louis has ended in the triumph of the latter. The chief of the police force, who has been the unrelenting foe of the gambling fraternity, most of whose places he had succeeded in closing, has been removed, and a tool of the gamblers, who has no experience in police affairs, placed at the head of the department. There is great indignation among the respectable people of the community, but the indications are that their protests will not avail as against the intrigues and influence of the men who have brought this fresh disgrace upon the city. What with the courts nullifying all legislation for the prevention of Sunday selling, and the police in league with gamblers and criminals of every sort, St. Louis is likely to achieve a very unenviable conspicuity indeed among the cities of the Union.

EVER since, eight hundred years ago, Eric the Red discovered "Vineland" somewhere on our eastern coast, and, as soon as his ship touched land, slew the Indians whom he found asleep under a tree, our Indian policy has been one of brutality, treachery and plunder. Indian agents are never punished for their robberies; rarely even exposed. Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute princess, is now in the East, eloquently recounting the wrongs of her people in forcible English. She addresses congregations, and will appeal to the Washington authorities for the relief and restoration of the Piutes. She has even written a book, which is so extremely personal in its revelations that no publisher dares to take the risk of issuing it, but it is to be brought out by the assistance of her friends. Perhaps justice will be promoted by a little fearless calling of names.

THE African explorer, Henry M. Stanley, who in December last returned to the Congo region, appears to be firmly holding his own against his rival, De Brazza. Indeed, he seems to have gained some very important points over the boastful Frenchman, and the supremacy of the interests he represents may be regarded as established. He has within the last six months carried his explorations up to the equator, and, in addition to establishing two more trading stations, has discovered another lake and familiarized himself thoroughly with the equatorial part of the Congo River, where he found a dense population and an infinite variety of products. Gum, rubber, ivory, camphor, wood, and many other articles, could, he thinks, be marketed profitably, even with the present expensive modes of transportation. He describes the people of that region as enterprising, industrious, and natural traders. His influence over the natives appears to be salutary, hostile tribes appealing to him to settle disputes, and in all cases abiding by his decision. In two cases where peace was brought about by his efforts, the belligerent tribes, which had been at war for months, elected him "father and mother of their country."

THE tone of the speeches at the recent semi-annual conference of the Mormon Church shows that the polygamists are more defiant in their disregard of law than ever. The duty of plural marriages was preached with great zeal, and one of the apostles did not hesitate to "speak out in meeting" and express his contempt for the men who had been frightened into sending away their extra wives by the passage of the Edmunds law, among whom the first was President Taylor himself. The Church now claims a membership of 127,294 in Utah, with 2,264 in Arizona, and twice as many in Idaho, and professes to have received 23,040 members during the past year. Even if these figures are exaggerated, it is evident that Mormonism is growing rapidly, and it is equally evident that the Edmunds Act, from which so much was hoped, is a failure. The only practicable policy appears to be for Congress to abolish the existing government of the Territory, abandon the suffrage system, rule Utah by a federal commission and federal courts, and when these courts convict polygamists call in the help of the army to enforce their decrees. But probably the Democrats in the next House will refuse to do anything, and the ugly problem will be allowed to grow more difficult than ever.

THE campaign in Massachusetts is the most exciting that the old Bay State has known for a generation. The sole issue is Butler, and national politics receive scarcely any attention. The Republicans dashed into the canvas as soon as their convention was over, and the wisdom of their selection of Congressman Robinson as candidate for Governor has been vindicated by the excellent work he is doing on the stump. The Democrats were later in opening operations, but Butler is making up for the delay by the vigor with which he carries on the fight, having delivered three speeches in the same evening at Boston last week. The people of the State appear thoroughly aroused, and the drift has so far been unmistakably and strongly against Butler. Were the election to be held to-day, there seems scarcely a doubt that he would be defeated by a large majority, and it does not appear possible that he can recover the lost ground. Some of the Republican managers, however, are doing him a service by the virulence of their attacks upon him, and it will not be entirely safe to regard the "old man" as beaten until a count of the ballots has shown a majority for Robinson.

#### PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

##### THE LAND QUESTION.

To the Editors of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

GENTLEMEN—That a great error has existed in all preceding history, and a great wrong been enforced in relation to land "ownership," is now at last up for public discussion. A call—and I think a very loud and imperious call—is about to be made on Congress that it will now take a turn at voting as much land to the homeless American citizen as will enable him to support his family, instead of voting it to the distressed railroad marauders. That, instead of burying twenty millions a year in sailing war-ships over the world—to fish up probably a foreign war for us, as they can fish up nothing else—and of thirty millions a year on an army for which we have no earthly use but to kill Indians and get killed in return; that, instead of raining our diplomacies all over Europe to bring back to us cargoes of snobbery; that, instead of a locust host of useless parasites fed in Washington, they shall just make a survey of the public lands into townships, and take a little, or a good deal, of that public money now overloading the Treasury and loan it out—not donate a cent of it—to aid in settling those lands: That now is the demand. Our first approach to them a petition, the second a remonstrance, the third an accusation. We must ask them are all the robberies, burglaries, murders and self-murders that crash in upon us with increasing force in every morning newspaper, traceable back to their inaction and their evil action? We must so approach them that they will have to give heed to us—that they will see the danger to their political power, possibly to their persons (for civil commotions arise who will be safe?) is now the work before us. What I here jot down are mere suggestions, partly the result of thought, partly—and that perhaps more valuable—the result of experience.

It is fortunate that, of the disinherited and oppressed people, the most thinking and active are already organized in the various Labor Unions and Benefit Societies. Each has its financial department and its trusted officers personally known to them. In attending to their local affairs, they less or more lose sight of the great National Issue of who shall own the lands, the mines, the waters, the natural wealth of this republic—whether domestic rogues and foreign syndicates shall build up on them the system that is thus described in Ireland and in England, indicating, indeed, the conditions that prevail all over lord-ridden Europe.

##### DEAD OF FAMINE.

"The Report of your own Government Commissioners declare that seventy thousand human beings perish annually in Ireland from the pressure of famine."—*Lancel O'Connell's Speech on the State Trial.*

##### And this in England:

"The extraordinary mortality in the manufacturing districts is caused by famine, filth, and the absence of fresh air. Probably 100,000 die prematurely in England alone from diseases having their origin in these causes."—*Pamphlet by a Manchester Physician.*

The latter adds, professionally: "The bills of mortality rise or fall in England with the price of bread." In those countries thirty millions of the human race come into existence only to toil and suffer and die. And another thirty millions succeed them, more wretched, decrepit and short-lived than the last, literally murdered by the aristocracy that their debaucheries may be fed. And the politicians who govern this country—these United States—are inviting over those inhuman aristocrats, whose fathers slew their fathers in two fierce and malignant wars—inviting them over to trample down into suffering and death our posterity, by buying back into bondage the American land at literally a thief's bargain, of one or two dollars an acre.

To rouse up public thought, these conditions—these facts ought to be embodied in pictorial tracts and put into the hands of every citizen. And this also, and such as this, bearing on our own condition and danger.

Corporations arisen within the memory of man supersede the republic. It is already proclaimed that they control our legislatures, and that the courts are their obedient tools. They have absorbed nearly all the manufacturing industries, and work them by hundreds of thousands of disinherited hirelings. It would be endless to trace their lowering of wages, their raising of dividends and their "watering" of stocks; their swindlings of the public lands by hundreds of millions of acres, and of the public moneys by hundreds of millions of dollars—even the interest on which they refuse to pay, and the Government has to pay it; whilst for transporting the mails and for military transits they send in their bills and get paid the highest figures they choose to charge us. To open up the lands to cultivation was the false and flagitious pretense for all this robbery. I find on it the following commentary:

"In the absence of those enormous frauds, settlement would have gone forward close and compact, farm after farm, and school after school, and all appliances of civilization out along with it. Men would find a homestead easily accessible, free under the Homestead Law, and be in a social and protecting neighborhood, and for a hundred years to come would not see one flash of a tomahawk or provoke one rifle shot by encroaching on the Indians."

Those tracts as a first preliminary might be poured in on all the toilers, joined to such attractive and apposite engravings as would cause them to be preserved and even to decorate the walls of the toilers' rooms and workshops. Out of some 12,000 newspapers there may be the half of one thousand true and progressive. These ought to be bought largely and disseminated from hand to hand.

(Continued on page 134.)

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

THE work of excavating the Cape Cod Ship Canal is to be pushed with all possible dispatch.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature is still wrangling over the apportionment of Congressional representation in that State.

THE liquor-dealers in Wisconsin have organized for the purpose of taking an active part in politics at the next State election.

THE Korean Ambassadors, who will sail from San Francisco for home on the 24th instant, took formal leave of President Arthur on Friday last.

A HANDFUL of Prohibitionists in New Jersey nominated Rev. S. Parsons for Governor, the original candidate of the faction having sensibly declined.

THE One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Annual Session of the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States convened at Reading, Pa., last week.

At the municipal election in Nashville, Tenn., last week, the citizens' ticket, representing the reform sentiment, was successful by a decisive majority.

A RAILWAY Convention, held in Chicago last week, representing 78,000 miles of railroads, resolved to adopt the new standard system of time and run trains by it after November 18th.

GREAT alarm was created in San Francisco, on the 10th instant, by a severe earthquake shock. Buildings groaned, metallic roofings cracked, and many persons rushed half-dressed from houses and hotels.

A CONFERENCE of leading Democrats of the State of New York was held at Albany last week for the purpose of adopting a plan of perfect organization. The canvass has so far been very quiet, no other party showing the usual activity.

THE General Episcopal Convention in session at Philadelphia has confirmed the election of Rev. Dr. Potter and Randolph as Assistant Bishops respectively of New York and Virginia, and of Rev. Dr. Knickerbocker as Bishop of Indiana.

THIS year's wine crop in California will be forty per cent. less than was supposed, the total yield not exceeding 10,000,000 gallons. The immediate cause is a disease of the vines, known in France as "cancime," which manifested itself for the first time this year.

NORTH CAROLINA makes a remarkable display of natural products in the American Exhibition at Boston, including sections of 112 varieties of trees found in forests of the State, and specimens of its cereals, tobacco, native wines, cotton, raw silk, tar, turpentine, pitch, etc.

THE State election in Iowa last week resulted in the success of the Republicans. The latest returns indicate that Sherman's majority over Kinne, Democrat, will reach 30,000, and over Weaver, Greenbacker, about 160,000. The Republicans have a majority on joint ballot in the Legislature of 67.

A STEAMER which sailed from San Francisco for Hong Kong last week, carried away nearly 1,200 Chinamen, the largest number that ever sailed from the former port. Of this number over 900 were provided with return certificates. A fact worthy of remark was that every one of the 1,200 took with him from \$500 to \$1,000.

It is understood that upon the retirement of General Sherman, Major-general Hancock will succeed Lieutenant-general Sheridan in command of the Division of the Missouri; that Major-general Pope will succeed General Hancock in command of the Division of the East, and that Major-general Schofield will remain in command of the Division of the Pacific.

THE American Bankers' Association held its annual meeting in Louisville, Ky., last week. Resolutions were adopted in favor of a national bankruptcy law, and demanding the discontinuance of the coinage of standard silver dollars except as actually required by the business of the country. Mr. L. J. Gage, of Chicago, was elected President of the Association.

THE New York Bar Association gave a reception to Lord Chief Justice Coleridge at the Academy of Music on the evening of the 11th instant. It was remarkable for the great number of prominent judges, lawyers, literary men and ladies of social distinction in attendance. Chief Judge Ruger, of the Court of Appeals, presided. In reply to an address of welcome, Lord Coleridge made a speech of great eloquence and force.

THE election in Ohio was full of surprises. The Democrats elected their Governor by some 10,000 majority, and carry the Legislature by a majority of twenty-four on joint ballot. The Republicans did unexpectedly well in the cities, and lost in the wool-growing and grape-growing districts. It is believed that the Prohibitory Amendment is defeated. The Judicial Amendment is carried beyond doubt. The total vote in the State is said to be the largest ever polled.

At the meeting of the Congregationalist Council, at Concord, N. H., last week, a report was presented showing a net gain of 262 churches during the past three years and 5,079 in membership. The addition to churches by profession averaged 12,500 annually. The contributions for Sabbath-schools last year amounted to \$300,000, and for charitable objects upwards of \$6,000,000. There are 874 more churches in the United States than there are clergymen to supply them.

##### Foreign.

HEAVY floods in the province of Castellon de la Plana, Spain, have partially submerged five villages and caused the loss of several lives.

RECENT dispatches state that the Bolivian Senate has approved by a large majority a motion to treat alone with Chili for peace, on condition that Bolivia secures some territory on the Pacific Coast.

THE cotton operatives in Lancashire are holding meetings and voting against a proposed reduction of ten per cent. in their wages. They are also subscribing funds to be used in case a strike shall be found necessary.

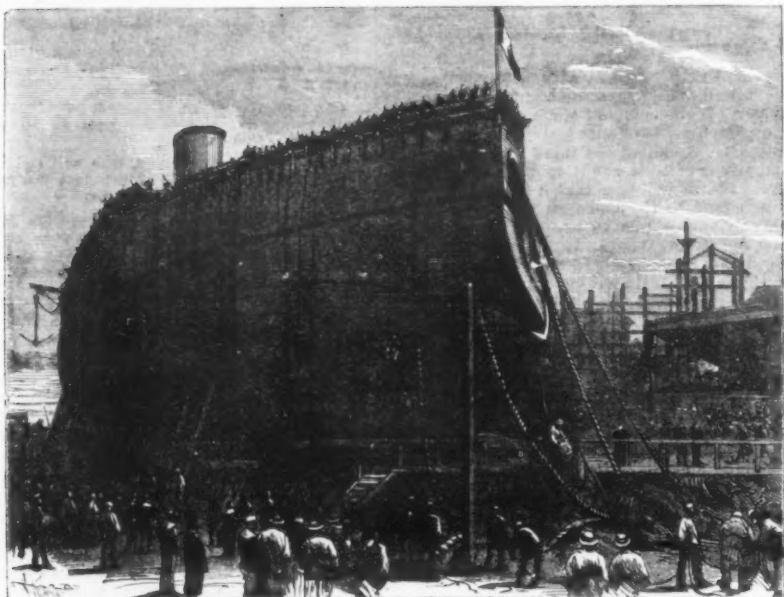
A STORY of invasion comes from Alaska, via St. Petersburg. It is reported that a number of trading vessels appeared before the island of Tulen, drove away a guard-ship and landed a number of armed men. The guard was maintained by the Alaska Commercial Company.

THE Governor of Ekaterinoslar, Russia, has issued a proclamation declaring that if the anti-Jewish outrages are renewed they will be suppressed by force of arms. This action is owing to the fact that the instigators of the outrages have asserted that the Government dare not employ arms against the people.

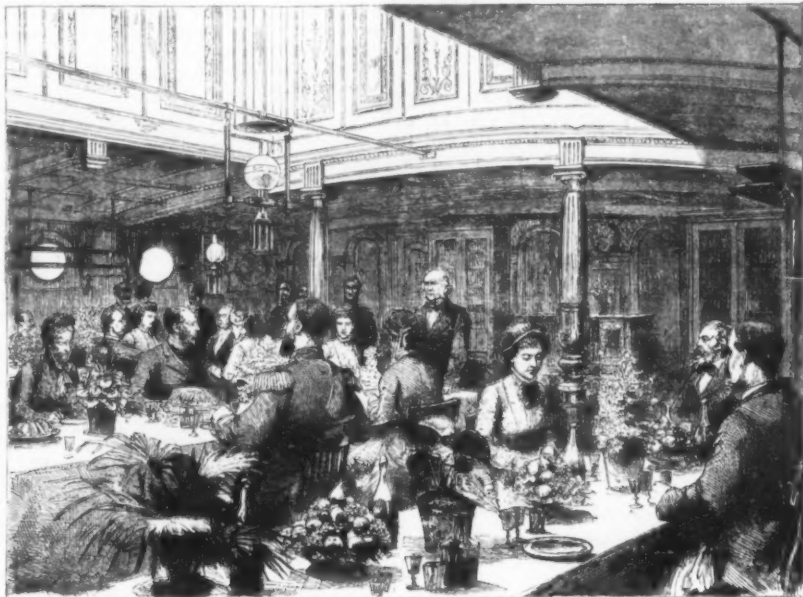
THE anniversary of the discovery of America was celebrated at Madrid, Spain, on the 12th instant with a splendid banquet, at which three hundred persons were present, including the official representatives of all the American republics. Speeches in several languages were delivered, interspersed with musical selections, and the festivity ended with the unveiling of a statue of Columbus which stood on the stage at the head of the table.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 135



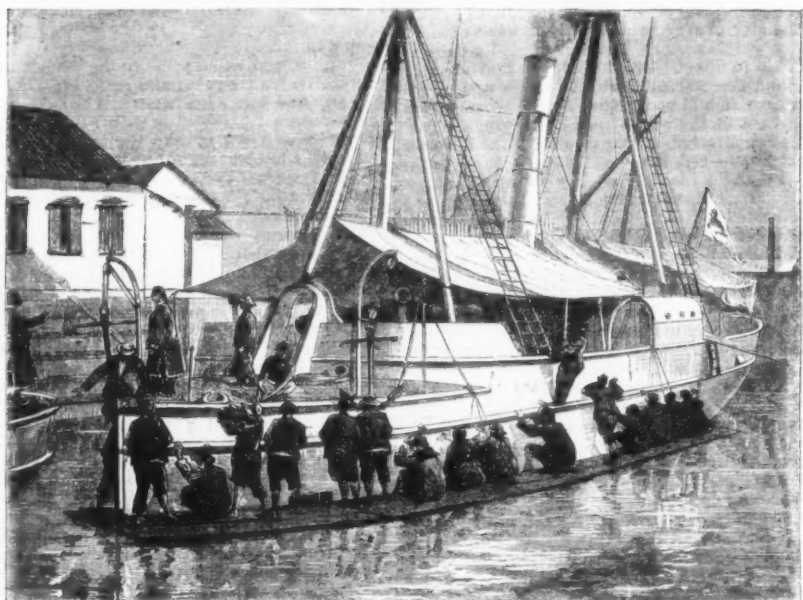
FRANCE.—THE LAUNCH OF THE IRONCLAD L'INDOMPTABLE AT LORIENT.



DENMARK.—MR. GLADSTONE'S HOLIDAY CRUISE.—ROYAL BANQUET IN THE SALOON OF THE "PEMBROKE CASTLE" AT COPENHAGEN.



PANAMA.—THE CUTTING FOR THE DE LESSEPS CANAL AT EMPERADOR.



CHINA.—PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—OVERHAULING A GUNBOAT AT SHANGHAI.



PERSIA.—A FRUIT BAZAAR IN DJOULFA.



CHINA.—A NATIVE TORPEDO CORPS AT THE TAKU FORTS.



GERMANY.—THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL IN THE NIEDERWALD.





ALASKA.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE EXPEDITION OF EDWARD SCHEFFELIEN IN THE YUKON RIVER REGION.  
FROM PHOTOS. BY EDQUART.—SEE PAGE 135.

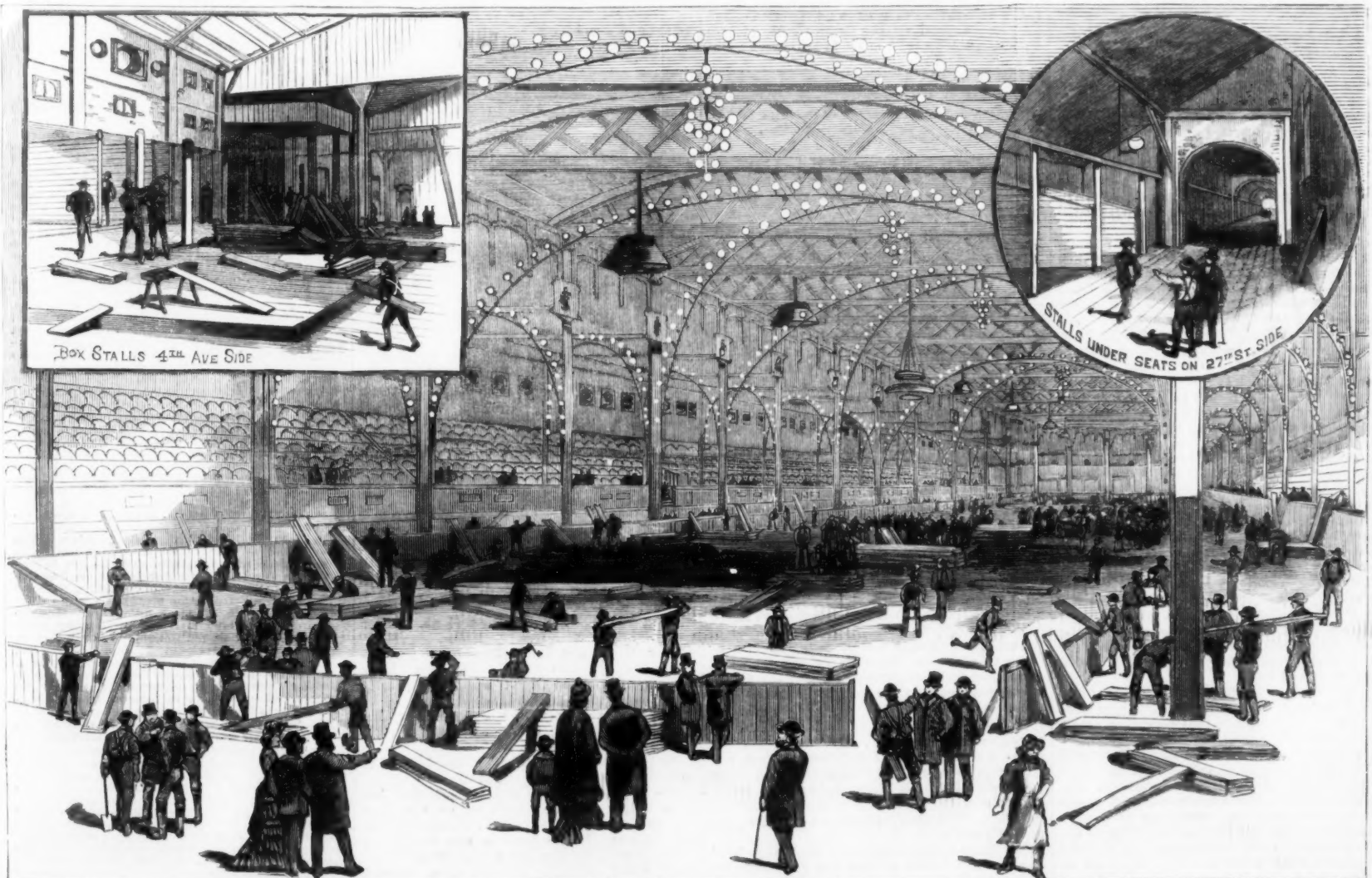
#### THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

THE First Annual Exhibition of the National Horse Show Association of America, which opens at the Madison Square Garden in New York city on October 22d, and continues through the next four days, will be the largest exhibition of the sort ever

attempted in this country. The Association being composed of prominent gentlemen of means and having a large amount of capital, was enabled to offer cash prizes to a very large amount, the aggregate being \$11,000. This sum will be distributed through fifteen divisions, such as thoroughbreds, trotters, Clydesdales, etc., and these again subdivided into

105 classes. The preparations for the accommodation of the large number of horses expected have required extensive alterations in the Garden. Below the amphitheatre seats, on either side, eighty-five loose boxes have been erected. On the main floor of the building stalls have been placed outside, and inside of these stalls there is a promenade sixteen feet

in width. There is accommodation on the main floor for 280 stalls and in the east end of the building room to stable another hundred horses if necessary. The entire number of horses which can be placed on exhibition will be about four hundred and fifty. The judging will, of course, occupy a good deal of time, but a regular programme will be



NEW YORK CITY.—PREPARATIONS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN FOR THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW, WHICH OPENS OCTOBER 22D.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.



press could throw them on. The national convention—a delegate from each populous centre—held daily session in London discussing the national affairs. Their proceedings were read with as much attention as the proceedings of Parliament. The petition for universal suffrage of one or two millions of people was selected in the House of Com-



mons and culminated in the Insurrection (November, 1839) under John Frost.

In this country March, 1844, a meeting was called in Croton Hall, New York, by a placard setting forth the condition of the homeless people. It was well attended, and appointed a committee to draw out a report of facts and suggest what was to be done. A week thence at another public meeting the report was adopted, and 20,000 copies of it ordered printed. Every member paid what he could afford for a ticket of membership, and from three cents up were weekly dues. An average of three outside meetings were held every week during the ensuing Summer. A wagon for a rostrum, and latterly a trumpet was employed. Three small printing offices were connected with the movement—Evans's, Windt's and my own—and did the printing for entirely or almost nothing. We had plenty of money to send delegations whenever required—as far off even as Boston. In traveling, though supplied with ample funds, the delegates always "roughed it" because their constituencies would have to do the same. This great earnestness and activity brought the principle before the State Assembly, which introduced it the following Spring by 103 to 55 dissentients. Thence to Congress, where a year or two after it carried the Lower House two to one. An extract or two from the foundation report may be useful here:

"The triumph of machine-labor and ultimate prostration of human labor cannot be averted. As well might we attempt to alter any of Nature's fixed laws, as to attempt to arrest the onward march of science and machinery.

"But nature is not unjust. The Power Who called forth those mechanical forces did not call them forth for our destruction. Our refuge is upon the soil, in all its freshness and fertility—our inheritance is in the public domain in all its boundless wealth and infinite variety. This heritage once secured to us, the evil we complain of will become our greatest good. Machinery, from the formidable rival, will sink into the obedient instrument of our will.

"In Europe God's inheritance to man is usurped by the aristocracy.

"But in this Republic, all that the Creator designed for man's use is ours—held by the Government, in trust for the people."

"Your Committee does not recognize the authority of Congress to shut out from those lands such citizens as may not have money to pay ransom for them. Still less do we admit their authority to sell the public domain to men who require it only as an engine to lay our children under tribute to their children in all succeeding time. We regard the public lands as capital stock which belongs not to us only but also to posterity. The moment Congress, or any other power proceeds to alienate the stock to speculators, that moment do they attempt a cruel and cowardly fraud upon posterity, against which we here enter our most solemn protest."

In abridging this outline, I have very much lessened its force. The report annotates the advance, even then ('44) made by machinery, and would fill four or five columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. The whole might be profitably produced and circulated in a "broad-side."

Twenty, fifty, or a hundred thousand sheets—a Tract Newspaper—might be issued to all organized bodies, and to all public seminaries. Each sheet to contain, perhaps, a dozen of short "telling" tracts, leaving on all our existing evils. The cost of this, in the first instance, to be borne by the Central Council, with an invitation for contributions to carry on the agitation in all necessary ways—Tracts, Meetings, Lectures—anything that would stir up public thought. The question is, shall the people of America, in the coming ages, own the lands and mines of America, or shall they be owned by a descending brood of thieves, begotten of our American swindlers and European lords and syndicates? If ever a momentous question was asked in this world, that is the question.

For this purpose a file of the principal Reform paper is a mine of diamonds requiring only to be "cut" and set.

If the Labor Unions take it up there will be little difficulty. A demonstration by them, and those who would join them at each populous centre—a small daily at each centre—without which Capital's press would be in command—each Congressman not "seen" but seen to—a delegation of one or more from each district to demonstrate in Washington, to urge the law—a National Convention, duly elected, to sit permanently in New York and gather up all our concerns in public thought. Would not all these be a natural outgrowth of the movement—a movement that would do harm to no man, but good to all.

The thoughts, and especially the examples, here presented may be useful at the outset of the Great Movement that is now approaching. With a clear perception and a manly resolve the highway to success lies open before us.

P.S.—A meeting was held last week, under the auspices of Henry George, for "nationalizing" the land. But it did not define what the word means. At our last monthly meeting a committee of conference with those gentlemen was appointed on this subject, and it is now likely to be explained.

#### THE YUKON RIVER REGION.

THE Yukon River in Alaska is the largest American river flowing into the Pacific Ocean. Its length is probably 2,800 miles, and for three-quarters of that distance is navigable for steamers. It cuts through the Rocky Mountains by a narrow, deep and very swift channel, without falls or obstruction, and amidst scenery of surpassing grandeur. The Yukon has five mouths, the intervening delta being seventy miles in breadth. At some points along its lower course it is so wide that one bank cannot be seen from the other. For the first thousand miles it is from one to five miles in width, and in some places, including islands, it is twenty miles from main bank to main bank. Until recently comparatively little has been known of the region traversed by this great river. Lieutenant Schwatka has explored it during the present Summer, and one or two other parties have penetrated into its solitudes. In May, 1882, Edward Schaffellen, the discoverer of the celebrated silver mines near Tombstone, Arizona, left San Francisco with a party of five skilled prospectors, to search for gold on the Yukon River, Alaska Territory. Mr. Schaffellen equipped the party at his own expense, and also had a stern-wheel steamer built, which was conveyed to St. Michaels (lat. 63 degrees north), Norton Sound, on board of the schooner, *H. L. Tienan*, Captain Lund commanding. The little steamer, appropriately christened the *New Rocket*, is forty four feet long and fifteen beam, having engines of twenty-horse power. The party consisted of the five prospectors, Mr. Jacobsen, Ethnologist of the Royal Berlin Museum, and Mr. H. D. Wolfe, who had been sent to Alaska by the New York *Hera* to report the particulars of the burning of the *Rodgers*. The *New Rocket*, drawing but two and a half feet, full laden with provisions and tools, started from St. Michaels on the 3d of August, 1882, arriving at Nuklukayet, eight hundred miles up the Yukon, towards the end of September. When a house had been built and the steamer placed in the creek, which served as her resting-place from October until June, the river had begun to freeze over, and soon the *New Rocket* was confined, with the Alaska Commercial Company's trading steamer *Yukon*, for the long Winter of the Arctic regions. We illustrate, from photographs taken last Winter on the Yukon River, and developed by Mr. Edouard, photographer, of San Francisco, some of the features and incidents of this exploration.

The food that is given to the dogs used to draw sleds on the Yukon consists of dried salmon, each animal receiving, when doing no work, a half fish,

about three pounds, per diem. When engaged in pulling the sled, a whole fish is given. Extremely voracious—these dogs partaking of a wolfish nature—the food has to be carefully placed out of reach, otherwise the major portion of a Winter's supply would be consumed in a single night.

Sled trips of a couple of thousand miles, during the Winter season, from November until April, are quite common among the traders residing on the Yukon. It is expected that all those residing within a radius of a thousand miles from St. Michaels will come to the head station and enjoy their Christmas dinner, the trip serving to break the otherwise monotonous life during the Winter months. The teams generally consist of from five to six dogs, sufficient to draw a sled carrying a thousand pounds at a fair rate of speed. During the Spring months—February, March and April—long travel is the rule, the teams making from fifty to seventy miles a day over the hard, frozen snow. The houses in the background of our illustration, "Off on a Journey," are the trading post on the right, with an elevated platform for storing fish situated in the centre, while the prospector's house is on the extreme left.

During the Winter the Yukon River is covered with ice some five or six feet thick, and fish traps are then set. Through this covering a hole is cut and poles placed in the water close to the bank, and a trap made from alder branches lowered into the water. All through the Winter months white fish, similar to those found in the Lakes, are caught in these traps and serve as a welcome addition to the bill of fare to which the white traders are accustomed.

#### THE CITY OF CHARLESTON.

CHARLESTON is one of the brightest gems of the South. Every body falls in love with her, and every voice echoes her praises. She is the chief commercial city of South Carolina, and is most picturesquely situated on the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper Rivers. Her "swell" street is King; her "swell" promenade, the Battery, abutting on the bay, around which are her most aristocratic and handsome residences. The view from this charming promenade is a panorama full of vivid color. Charleston was settled in 1670, and played a conspicuous rôle in the Revolution. Thrice assaulted by the British, it only yielded to an overwhelming force after a six weeks' siege. The opening hostilities in the Civil War began at Charleston with the bombardment of Fort Sumter on the 12th of April, 1861, and for the next four years it was one of the chief points of Federal attack, without being lost by the Confederates, however, until Sherman's capture of Columbia on February 17th, 1865.

Charleston boasts a population of 50,000. The City Hall is an imposing building, entered by a double flight of marble steps, and standing in an open square. The Council Chamber contains some interesting portraits. An armless statue of William Pitt stands in the rear. A visit to the Citadel Academy will prove both entertaining and instructive. The drills are exceedingly interesting, and the appearance of the Academicians most soldierly. The Institute Hall, where the Secessionists first met, is also a notable object. Everybody likes to visit Fort Sumter. A steamer plies thither daily. In the distance the grim fort so stormed at by shot and shell, looks trim and shapely enough. It is built upon a shoal in the harbor and lies further out than Fort Moultrie. The interior of Sumter is rough and tumble to the last degree. Houses of irregular construction, a light house, sheds, and earthworks form the compound, with a few cannon peeping over a wall of stone. At the entrance a civil but sturdy sentinel requests that you will register your name in a book lying on a desk for that purpose. This performance over, you are free to wander at your sweet will. It is impossible to tread this hallowed ground without paying a mental tribute to the brave fellows who so nobly defended the old flag a outrance.

In a corner of Charleston is a dock, or quay, known as Fishermen's Basin. Here the darkeys most do congregate when the fishing-boats come in, and the jabber of tongues, the shining and beautiful denizens of the deep are being brought ashore is absolutely bewildering. Mount Pleasant is a happy hunting ground for the charming people of Charleston. Esthetic villas and "bits of Queen Anne" are dotted here and there in the dark foliage that lines the bay, while Sullivan's Island is rapidly becoming the Long Beach of South Carolina.

#### THE RECENT CYCLONE ON THE FISHING BANKS.

IN the whole experience of the fishing fleets that resort to the Great Banks in Summer and Autumn for fishing purposes, no more destructive gale has swept over these prolific fish meadows than the cyclone of Sunday, the 26th of August. The loss of life and of property was on a far larger scale than on any previous occasion. The full extent of the destruction worked by the storm is, as yet, but partially known. Only when the year's accounts are closed, and the roll call of missing ships and crews in the various seaports from which they cleared is completed, will an accurate summing-up of this terrible harvest of marine casualties be arrived at. In our illustration we give an accurate view of the Roadstead at St. Pierre, where a portion of the fleet, to the number of forty or fifty, securely anchored, after having sought refuge from the storm. Scarcely one of these vessels escaped a loss of life among its crews, and all suffered more or less in fishing and mooring and deck gear. The *Virginia* lost all her dories, deck gear and trawls. The *Obsequia* lost six men, and was dismantled. The *Bertha* and *Edith* had lines, chains and fishing gear carried away. The *Ernest* lost six men, dories, hawsers and trawls. The *Helene* lost two men and two dories to appease the storm. The *Jeannette* had four of her crew drowned, besides losing chains, anchors and lines. The *Quatre Pierres* lost five men, chains and anchors. The *Albatross*, *Marie Joseph*, *Envie*, *Bradee*, *Auguste* and *Marie*, all lost men, dories, deck gear, hawsers, anchors and trawls. Nearly all the fleet had dories out attending their trawls when the storm rose. There must have been some thousands of fishermen in their dories away from their vessels at the time; and, as one captain expressed it, "it was almost a miracle that so many escaped."

The United States fishing vessels, as well as those of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, evaded the destructive fury of the gale far better than those composing the French fleet. The vessels of this fleet are all old-fashioned in type, and range from 100 to 400 tons burden. They are square-rigged, and therefore very heavy aloft, which causes them in a heavy sea to roll and labor heavily. The other vessels frequenting the Great Banks are all light, buoyant schooners, and ride out a storm at their moorings with wonderful ease and safety.

The quantity of codfish lost during these days of storm is not less than 40,000 quintals, of an approximate value of \$240,000. The value of marine property destroyed is still larger, and of lives, the nearest and most reliable estimate places the number at two hundred marines and fishermen.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### Launch of the "Indomptable."

The French war ship *L'Indomptable*, which was launched at Lorient on the 18th of September, is an ironclad with two towers and one rotary gun of

immense calibre. The fore part of *L'Indomptable* is of iron faced with steel. It is divided into numerous fighting compartments, all more or less independent of the other, and each a bulwark of enormous strength. To guard against torpedoes or explosives, she is defended on the sides and beneath the water by steel armor of a new and unique design, calculated to defy the assaults of modern submarine explosives. The two towers are also protected by this steel-plated armor. The steel guns can throw a projectile of 750 kilograms a distance of nine miles. *L'Indomptable* is also armed with Hotchkiss revolving guns.

#### The Panama Canal.

Monkey Hill is the name of the cutting from which the contractors of the Panama Canal have obtained the greater portion of rock and earth for the construction of docks, etc., etc. Kenny's Bluff is another notable point on the line of the canal, and is situated on the west of the bay. This bluff yields any quantity of first class limestone. Here, also, is a never-failing spring of fresh and wholesome water which supplies Colon, and is carried as far as Navy Bay. The Emperor cutting is one of the first points excavated for the canal, and now presents all the appearances of a very busy little town, with its houses for the workpeople, its stores, workshops, saloons, etc. Twelve immense excavators are at work in this section, and here are stored rails, wagons and other necessities. A thousand men are engaged on the Emperor cutting.

#### A Persian Bazaar.

Djoulfa is an exceedingly attractive place, especially on account of its beautiful and extensive gardens. Flowers blossom all the year round, and the inhabitants regard it as a sort of Eden. Nowhere in all the vast dominions of the Shah will one see Persian inner life more vividly depicted. The mosques are unique; the streets, narrow and foul-smelling, the bazaars, cloths of gorgeous color. Our illustration shows the interior of a fruit and vegetable bazaar. The wondrous units of the fruits, their quaint shape, the blues and reds and yellows worn by the attendants, the primitive wood-chopping, the simple mode of assorting the wares—everything attracts the eye and is as new as it is interesting. One enters with a "God save all here," which is gravely responded to. Then commences the bargaining, and it is only when the proprietor is reduced to the verge of despair, or takes the name of the Prophet that he cannot abate one *jake*, that the transaction is concluded.

#### Chinese War Preparations.

Amidst the war preparations in China we give an illustration showing the process of overhauling a gunboat at Shanghai, and another depicting some officers of rank and the students of a torpedo corps at the Taku forts, near the mouth of the Peiho River. As is generally known, China has only a small navy, but her vessels of war include several ironclads, turret ships and steam rams, carrying heavy guns, while for coast defense she has an extensive torpedo establishment which would prove very formidable. The chief engineer of the Torpedo Department of the Chinese Government was for many years Mr. J. A. Betts, Associate of the British Institution of Civil Engineers. While occupying that position, he inaugurated a complete system of torpedo service, both offensive and defensive, and at Taku these defenses are so perfect that it is believed it would be impossible for any war-ship to pass in safety. The Taku forts, it will be remembered, command the approach to Tien-tsen and to Peking, the imperial capital of China.

#### Mr. Gladstone's Holiday Cruise.

Mr. Gladstone's recent holiday cruise in the *Pembroke Castle*, and his cordial reception at Christiania, Copenhagen, and elsewhere, have already been referred to in our columns. At the Danish capital he was entertained, with Mr. Tennyson and others of his party, by the royal family, and this civility was subsequently acknowledged by the Premier in a luncheon given on board his vessel to the Danish, Russian and Greek royal families. The luncheon took place in the grand saloon of the steamer, Mr. Gladstone presiding—chairs at the head of two side tables being occupied by Mr. Tennyson and Sir Donald Currie. The imperial and royal guests included the King and Queen of Denmark, the Czar and Empress of Russia, the King and Queen of Greece, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark, and Princes Valdemar, Wilhelm and Hans of Denmark, the Princes of Wales, the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, the children of the Czar and the King of Greece, and others. Mr. Gladstone proposed toasts to the health of the King and Queen of Denmark, the Czar and Empress of Russia, and the King and Queen of Greece; while the Czar proposed the health of Queen Victoria, and the King of Denmark that of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

#### The Great German Memorial.

"Die Wacht am Rheine" was never thundered forth with more fervor than on the recent occasion of the inauguration of the great national memorial on the Niederwald. Every son and daughter of the Fatherland all over the wide world set his or her heart towards the river Rhine upon that eventful day, and babes at mothers' breasts were taught to utter the triumphant and joyous "Hoch!" as the news came flashing over the wire that the magnificent statue of Germania had been unveiled. The memorial is, indeed, a notable and noble one. The figure of Germania is full of superb dignity, of conscious power. She holds the imperial cross-tipped crown on high in her right hand; in her left, the sword of honor wreathed in laurel. The imperial eagle is on her breast, in the folds of her robe, and acts as supports to the seat from which she has just arisen. Guarding the base of the memorial are two allegorical figures of Peace and War. The former holds the horn of plenty and extends forth the olive branch; the latter is blowing the fiery blast of contest and wields an unsheathed sword. These figures are both unique and exceptionally strong. In front of the base is a bas relief representing the Kaiser advancing at the head of his army to battle. On the relief is the Prussian eagle, together with a set of bronze shields. At the back are reliefs representing the going to and returning from battle. The memorial stands over a sweet idyllic valley, the silver river going towards the sea between dimpled and vine-clad hills.

#### Death-roll of the Week.

OCTOBER 6TH.—At Boston, Mass., Charles Creighton Hazewell, a veteran journalist, aged 69. OCTOBER 7TH.—At Corinto, Nicaragua, Captain N. L. Nokes, of the marine corps, United States Navy. OCTOBER 8TH.—At Syracuse, N. Y., George Geddes, formerly prominent in State politics and an authority on agriculture, aged 74; at Warsaw, N. Y., Dr. John C. Tibbets, probably the oldest practicing physician in the country, aged 90; at Atlantic City, N. J., John L. Bryant, ex-Mayor, aged 39; at Centerville, N. J., George A. Beiling, a New York merchant, aged 64; at Aberdeen, Ark., S. W. Duncomb, United States Register of Lands; at Adelaide, Australia, Right Rev. Augustus Short, Bishop of Adelaide, aged 80. OCTOBER 9TH.—At Pittsburgh, Pa., George Webb, a prominent iron-man; at Boston, Mass., Mrs. J. J. Prior, a well-known actress, aged 53. OCTOBER 10TH.—At Washington, D. C., Brigadier-general Charles H. Crane, Surgeon-general United States Army; at Montreal, Canada, Rev. Dr. F. C. Ewer, of New York, a prominent clergyman of the Episcopal Church, aged 87. OCTOBER 11TH.—At Cold Spring, N. Y., Dr. Frederick D. Lente, an eminent physician, aged 60; at Bridgeport, Conn., Rev. Dr. William Shelton, a venerable Episcopal clergyman, aged 86; at Chicago, Ill., Frederick F. Elmendorf, a prominent merchant and citizen, aged 60. OCTOBER 12TH.—In New York city, Charles A. Coe, a well-known merchant, aged 62; in New York city, Dr. Charles E. Blumenthal, a distinguished homoeopathic physician and scholar, aged 80.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE German Government has prohibited the importation of swine from Russia into Germany.

—A GROUP photograph of five generations of one family was recently taken in Keene, N. H., the oldest being eighty-six years of age and the youngest eight months.

—THE singular spectacle of a church pleading the statute of limitations was presented in court last week by the First Baptist Church of Erie, Pa., to avoid the payment of an award of \$1,000 rendered by the arbitrator in an action for debt.

—A CURIOUS suit has been entered for trial in Washington. A gentleman there has sued his family physician, asking \$1,000 damages, for malpractice, the cause being that the latter failed to prevent the spread of a contagious disease in the family.

—THE shad, which were planted in the waters of California a few years ago, are naturalizing themselves along the whole Pacific Coast. They are now caught in Puget Sound, and it is believed that they will soon frequent every river and harbor between San Francisco and Alaska.

—THE fruit trade from the Hudson River fruit district this Fall is simply immense, and surpasses all previous years. A careful estimate of the amount of grapes alone that is now being shipped from the Hudson River Valley, taking both sides of the river, is between 500 and 600 tons each day.

—THROUGHOUT all the wine districts of France the crop is the finest in quantity and quality since 1858. The year 1870 is far surpassed, and some of the celebrated vineyards are bringing the highest prices ever known. In the champagne district the crop is enormous and of the highest excellence.

—AN old cannon-ball, weighing 3½ pounds, was picked up by a farmer living near Colt's Neck, N. J., on his farm a few days ago. It is supposed to have been on the ground since the days of the Revolution; probably since the battle of Monmouth or General Clinton's retreat across the country to Sandy Hook.

—Two Swiss officers who were sent to Savoy to ascertain whether the French were erecting fortifications there, report that several military works have been constructed in the neutralized part of that territory. The Government of Switzerland will make an energetic protest against this breach of treaty engagements.

—THE announcement is made from Berlin that, owing to the excellent manner in which Prince Bismarck managed the public subscriptions towards the erection of the colossal statue of Germany at the Niederwald, the net cost of the work, and the ceremonies of dedication to the National Treasury, amounts to but 595 thalers.

—THE erection of the new Garfield Memorial Hospital in Washington has begun on the ground recently purchased by the Hospital Association at the head of Tenth Street. There is already a brick dwelling house commanding a fine view of the city, which will be used as the dwelling of the officers and attendants at the Hospital.

—THE total of the claims sent in against France by subjects of Great Britain for losses caused by the French bombardments in Madagascar amounts to two million dollars. The American losers are preparing lists of their claims against France. The French Government have offered the Rev. Miss Mary Shaw \$25,000 in full settlement of his claims.

—A LETTER upon which a Confederate two-cent stamp was affixed passed through the mails at Richmond, Va., last week, without being detected by the Post Office authorities. In color, the stamp bore some resemblance to the new one of that denomination just issued by the Government, but not in the style of workmanship. It is thought that, unless proper precautions are observed, old rebate stamps will be revived and put into active use.

—THE estimated losses by last month's fires in the United States and Canada surpass those of any previous September record, one estimate placing them at \$10,000,000, while the average for the past eight years has not exceeded \$6,000,000. An annual amount of property has also been burned during the last nine months, the estimate of \$72,000,000 being larger than for any nine months since 1877, the excess varying from \$5,000,000 last year to \$22,000,000 in 1878.

—THE English Salvation Army will soon celebrate its eighteenth birthday, and still the strange organization continues to grow. There are now 591 corps, against 320 a year ago, and the "officers" number 1,460, against 766. There has been a considerable increase in British India, and in Australia and New Zealand there are twenty-four corps and forty officers. Twelve newspapers, each called the *War Cry*, are published in different parts of the world, and four more are projected.

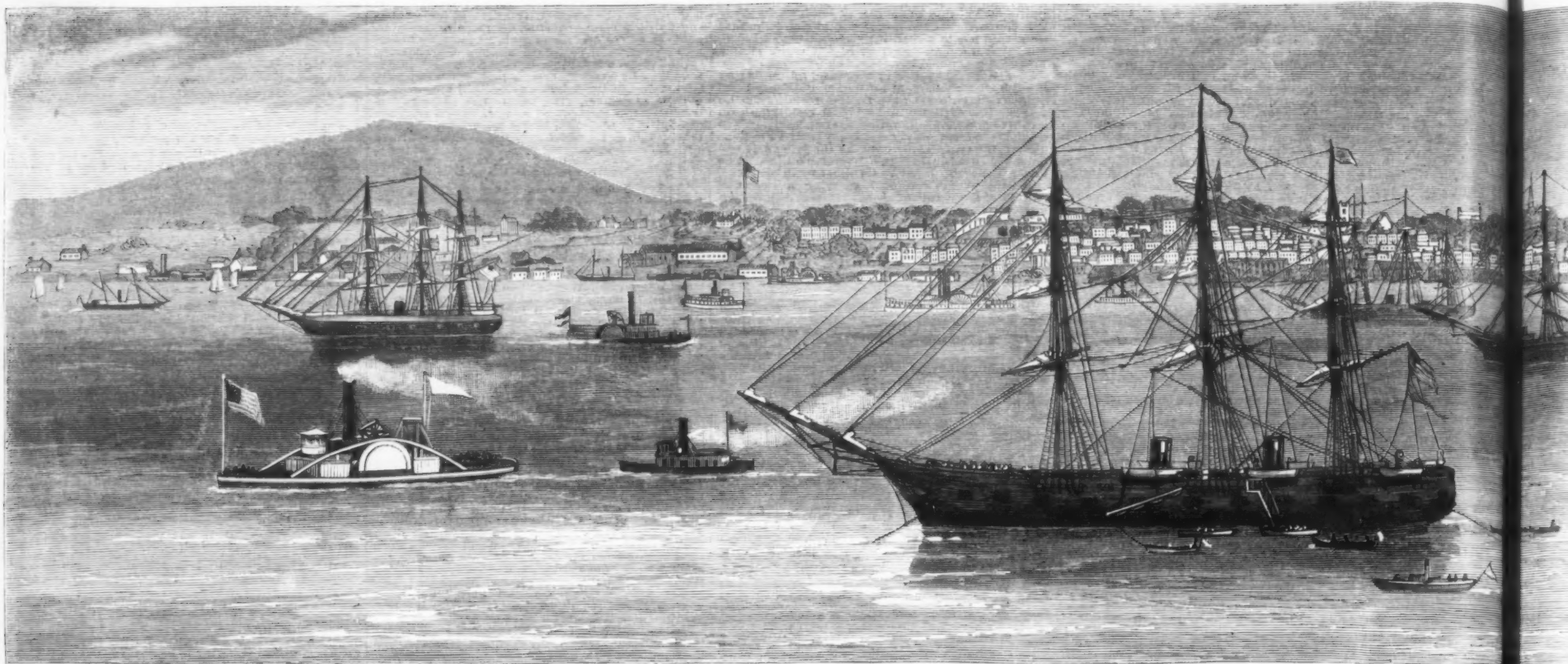
—A REMARKABLE phenomenon was observed during September at several places in the Madras and Bombay Presidencies, which caused much interest, mingled with not a little alarm, among the superstitious. For some days the sun presented a distinctly green color. Several explanations have been put forward, of which the most plausible appears to be that offered by the Government Astronomer, that it was due to the passage across Southern India of clouds of sulphurous vapor from the Java volcanoes.

—LIEUTENANT Ray and his men, who have been making scientific observations for two years at Point Barrow, Alaska, have reached San Francisco in safety. This is the second of the thirteen parties engaged in the work of Polar observation which has returned. The first to get back was the Austrian band, from Jan Mayen Island, which reported that all the work laid out for that station had been accomplished. Lieutenant Ray telegraphs that his party has been equally successful. The Spitzbergen observers should be heard from next.

—THE wonders of the Yellowstone region are said to be rivaled if not excelled by the recent discoveries of Professor Pumpelly's surveying party in Northern Montana. The region explored is around the Upper Marias Pass, west of the Rocky Mountain range, and about 150 miles north of Missoula. Aside from the mountain scenery, there are three great natural amphitheatres, in one of which Professor Pumpelly counted twenty-two cascades over 500 feet in height, while on a neighboring mountain is a true glacier, having a frontage of at least a mile, and in some places a fall estimated at 500 feet in height. The Northern Pacific Road runs near enough to these new wonders to make them easily accessible to the curious.

—A DELEGATION of Catholic prelates who have been summoned to take part in the Papal Conference which will be held next month in Rome, sailed from this port last week. The delegation consisted of Archbishop Corrigan; the Rev. Dr. Patrick A. Feehan, Archbishop of the Province of Chicago; the Rev. Dr. James Gibbons, Archbishop of the Province of Baltimore; Bishop Chatard, of Indianapolis; Bishop Cleary, of Kingston, Canada; the Rev. Father Keely, of Wilmington, Del.; the Rev. Father Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, Ark.; and the Rev. Dr. D. J. O'Connell, of Richmond, Va. Minutes of the proceedings of the late Provincial Council held at St. Patrick's Cathedral are in the possession of Archbishop Corrigan, who, on his arrival at Rome, will submit them to Pope Leo XIII.





WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

VIEW OF NEWBURGH FROM THE RIVER.



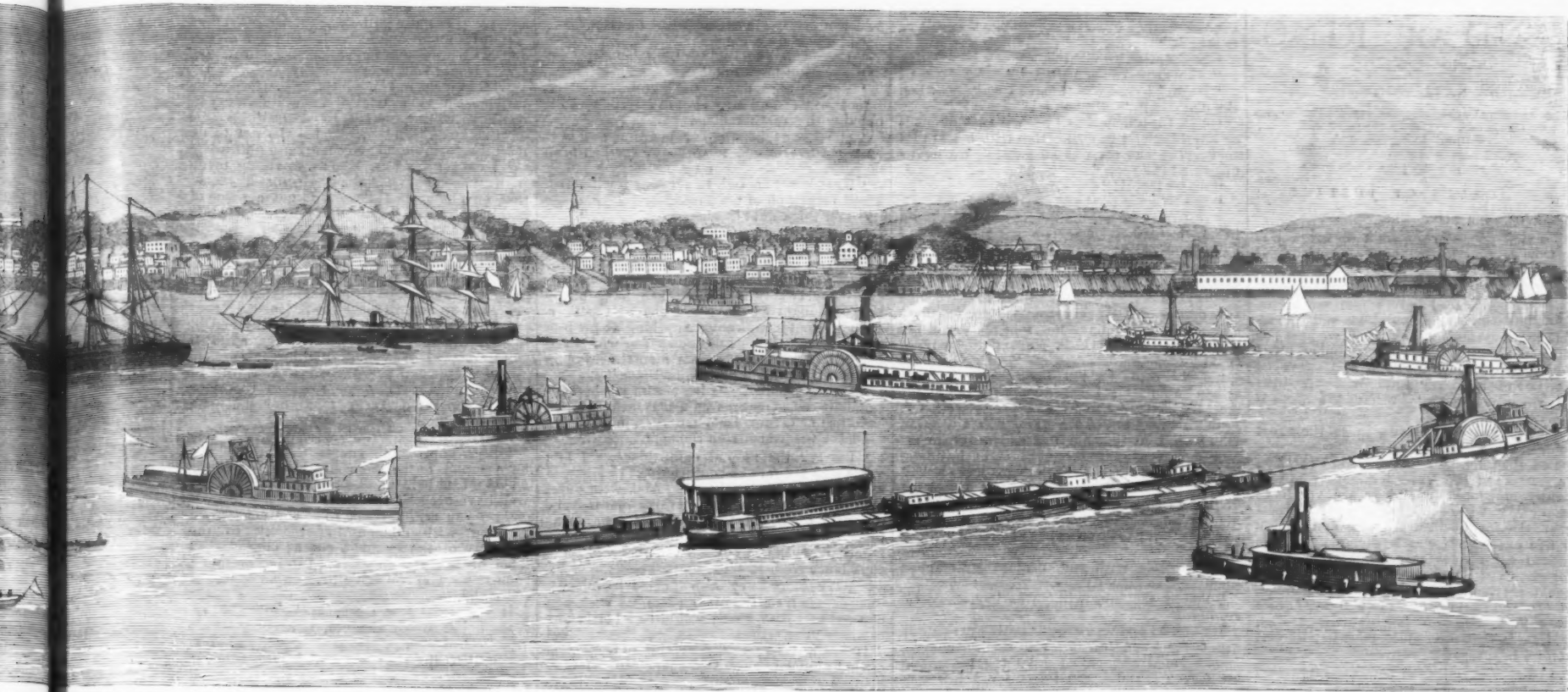
DISBANDING THE CONTINENTAL ARMY—PARTING OF OLD COMRADES.



THE PEACE CELEBRATION ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—THE ARMY TOAST: "PEACE AND PROSPERITY TO OUR COUNTRY."

NEW YORK.—THE CENTENNIAL OF THE DECLARATION OF PEACE AT NEWBURGH.





NEW YORK THA RIVER.



T: "FOR AND INDEPENDENCE AND HAPPINESS TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

RGH. THE CLOSE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.—FROM SKETCHES BY STAFF ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 139.

GEN. STEUBEN RELIEVING THE WANTS OF A DISTRESSED OFFICER'S FAMILY.



## HAND AND RING.

(Continued.)

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES," "THE DEFENSE OF THE BRIDE," ETC., ETC.

## BOOK III.

## THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.

## CHAPTER XLIV.—MRS. FIRMAN.

"Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her. . . . Heaven knows what she has known." —Macbeth.

"MISS FIRMAN, I believe?" The staid, pleasant-faced lady whom we know, but who is looking older and considerably more careworn than when we saw her at the coroner's inquest, rose from her chair in her own cozy sitting-room, and surveyed her visitor curiously. "I am Mr. Gryce," the genial voice went on. "Perhaps the name is not familiar?"

"I never heard it before," was the short but not ungracious reply.

"Well, then, let me explain," said he. "You are a relative of the Mrs. Clemmens who was so foully murdered in Sibley, are you not? I pardon me, but I see you are; your expression speaks for itself." How he could have seen her expression was a mystery to Miss Firman, for his eyes, if not attention, were seemingly fixed upon some object in quite a different portion of the room. "You must, therefore," he pursued, "be in a state of great anxiety to know who her murderer was. Now, I am in that same state, madam; we are, therefore, in sympathy, you see."

The respectful smile and peculiar intonation with which these last words were uttered, robbed them of their familiarity and allowed Miss Firman to perceive his true character. "You are a detective," said she, and as he did not deny it, she went on: "You say I must be anxious to know who my cousin's murderer was. Has Craik Mansell, then, been acquitted?"

"A verdict has not been given," said the other. "His trial has been adjourned in order to give him an opportunity to choose a new counsel."

Miss Firman motioned her visitor to be seated, and at once took a chair herself.

"What do you want with me?" she asked, with characteristic bluntness.

The detective was silent. It was but for a moment, but in that moment he seemed to read to the bottom of this woman's mind.

"Well," said he, "I will tell you. You believe Craik Mansell to be innocent?"

"I do," she returned.

"Very well; so do I."

"Let me shake hands with you," was her abrupt remark. And without a smile she reached forth her hand, which he took with equal gravity.

This ceremony over, he remarked, with a cheerful mien:

"We are fortunately not in a court of law, and so can talk freely together. Why do you think Mansell innocent? I am sure the evidence has not been much in his favor."

"Why do you think him innocent?" was the brisk retort.

"I have talked with him."

"Ah!"

"I have talked with Miss Dare."

A different "Ah!" this time.

"And I was present when Mr. Orcutt breathed his last."

The look she gave was like cold water on Mr. Gryce's secretly growing hopes.

"What has that to do with it?" she wonderingly exclaimed.

The detective took another tone.

"You did not know Mr. Orcutt, then?" he inquired.

"I had not that honor," was the formal reply.

"You have never, then, visited your cousin in Sibley?"

"Yes, I was there once; but that did not give me an acquaintance with Mr. Orcutt."

"Yet he went almost every day to her house?"

"And he came while I was there, but that did not give me an acquaintance with him."

"He was reserved, then, in his manners, uncommunicative, possibly morose?"

"He was just what I would expect such a gentleman to be at the table with women like my cousin and myself."

"Not morose, then; only reserved."

"Exactly," the short, quick bow of the amiable spinster seemed to assert.

Mr. Gryce drew a deep breath. This well seemed to be destitute of even a drop of moisture.

"Why do you ask me about Mr. Orcutt? Has his death in any way affected young Mansell's prospects?"

"That is what I want to find out," declared Mr. Gryce. Then, without giving her time for another question, said: "Where did Mrs. Clemmens first make the acquaintance of Mr. Orcutt? Wasn't it in some town out West?"

"Out West? Not to my knowledge, sir. I always supposed she saw him first in Sibley."

This well was certainly very dry.

"Yet you are not positive that this is so, are you?" pursued the patient detective. "She came from Nevada and so did he; now, why may they not have known each other there?"

"I did not know that he came from Nevada."

"She has never talked about him, then?"

"Never."

Mr. Gryce drew another deep breath and let down his bucket again.

"I thought your cousin spent her childhood in Toledo?"

"She did, sir."

"How came she to go to Nevada, then?"

"Well, she was left an orphan and had to

look out for herself. A situation in some way opened for her in Nevada, and she went there to take it."

"A situation as what?"

"As waitress in some hotel."

"Humph! And was she still a waitress when she married?"

"Yes, I think so, but I am not sure about it or anything else in connection with her at that time. The subject was so painful, we never discussed it."

"Why painful?"

"She lost her husband so soon."

"But you can tell me the name of the town in which this hotel was, can you not?"

"It was called Swanson then, but that was fifteen years ago. Its name may have been changed since."

Swanson! This was something to learn, but not much. Mr. Gryce returned to his first question. "You have not told me," said he, "why you believe Craik Mansell to be innocent?"

"Well," replied she, "I believe Craik Mansell to be innocent because he is the son of his mother. I think I know him pretty well, but I am certain I know her. She was a woman who would go through fire and water to attain a purpose she thought right, but who would stop in the midst of any project she had undertaken the moment she felt the least doubt of its being just or wise. Craik has his mother's forehead and eyes, and no one will ever make me believe he has not her principles also."

"I coincide with you, madam," remarked the attentive detective.

"I hope the jury will," was her energetic response.

He bowed and was about to attempt another question, when an interruption occurred.

Miss Firman was called from the room, and Mr. Gryce found himself left for a few moments alone. His thoughts, as he awaited her return, were far from cheerful, for he saw a long and tedious line of inquiry opening before him in the West, which, if it did not end in failure, promised to exhaust not only a week, but possibly many months, before certainty of any kind could be obtained. With Miss Dare on the verge of a fever, and Mansell in a position calling for the utmost nerve and self-control, this prospect looked anything but attractive to the benevolent detective; and, carried away by his impatience, he was about to give utterance to an angry ejaculation against the man he believed to be the author of all this mischief, when he suddenly heard a voice raised from some unknown quarter near by, saying in strange tones he was positive did not proceed from Miss Firman:

"Was it Clemmens or was it Orcutt? Clemmens or Orcutt? I cannot remember."

Naturally excited and aroused, Mr. Gryce rose and looked about him. A door stood ajar at his back. Hastening towards it, he was about to lay his hand on the knob when Miss Firman returned.

"Oh, I beg you," she entreated. "That is my mother's room, and she is not at all well."

"I was going to her assistance," asserted the detective, with grave composure. "She has just uttered a cry."

"Oh, you don't say so," exclaimed the unsuspicious spinster, and hurrying forward she threw open the door herself. Mr. Gryce benevolently followed. "Why, she is asleep," protested Miss Firman, turning on the detective with a suspicious look.

Mr. Gryce, with a glance towards the bed he saw before him, bowed with seeming perplexity.

"She certainly appears to be," said he, "and yet I am positive she spoke but an instant ago. I can even tell you the words she used."

"What were they?" asked the spinster, with something like a look of concern.

"She said: 'Was it Clemmens or was it Orcutt? Clemmens or Orcutt? I cannot remember.'"

"You don't say so! Poor ma! She was dreaming. Come into the other room and I will explain."

And, leading the way back to the apartment they had left, she motioned him again towards a chair, and then said:

"Ma has always been a very hale and active woman for her years; but this murder seems to have shaken her. To speak the truth, sir, she has not been quite right in her mind since the day I told her of it; and I often detect her murmuring words similar to those you have just heard."

"Humph! And does she often use his name?"

"Whose name?"

"Mr. Orcutt's."

"Why, yes; but not with any understanding of whom she is speaking."

"Are you sure?" inquired Mr. Gryce, with that peculiar impressiveness he used on great occasions.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," returned the detective, dryly, "that I believe your mother does know what she is talking about when she links the name of Mr. Orcutt with that of your cousin who was murdered. They belong together; Mr. Orcutt was—her murderer."

"Mr. Orcutt?"

"Hush!" cried Mr. Gryce, "you will wake up your mother."

And, adapting himself to this emergency as to all others, he talked with the astounded and incredulous woman before him till she was in a condition not only to listen to his explanations, but to discuss the problem of a crime so seemingly without motive. He then said, with easy assurance:

"Your mother does not know that Mr. Orcutt is dead?"

"No, sir."

"She does not even know he was counsel for Craik Mansell in the trial now going on?"

"How do you know that?" inquired Miss Firman, grimly.

"Because I do not believe you have even told her that Craik Mansell was on trial."

"Sir, you are a magician."

"Have you, madam?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"Very good; what does she know about Mr. Orcutt, then; and why should she connect his name with Mrs. Clemmens?"

"She knows he was her boarder, and that he was the first one to discover she had been murdered."

"That is not enough to account for her frequent repetition of his name."

"You think not?"

"I am sure not. Cannot your mother have some memories connected with his name, of which you are ignorant?"

"No, sir; we have lived together in this house for twenty-five years, and have never had a thought we have not shared together. Ma could not have known anything about him or Mary Ann which I did not. The words she has just spoken sprang from mental confusion. She is almost like a child sometimes."

Mr. Gryce smiled. If the cream-jug he happened to be gazing at on a tray near by had been full of cream, I am not certain it would not have turned sour on the spot.

"I grant the mental confusion," said he; "but why should she confuse those two names in preference to all others?" And, with quiet persistence, he remarked again: "She may be recalling some old fact of years ago. Was there never a time, even while you lived here together, when she could have received some confidence from Mrs. Clemmens?"

"Mary Ann, Mary Ann!" came in querulous accents from the other room, "I wish you had not told me. Emily would be a better one to know your secret."

It was a startling interruption to come just at that moment. The two surprised listeners glanced towards each other, and Miss Firman colored.

"That sounds as if your surmise was true," she dryly observed.

"Let us make an experiment," said he, and motioned her to re-enter her mother's room, which she did with a precipitation that showed her composure had been sorely shaken by these unexpected occurrences.

He followed her without ceremony.

The old lady lay as before in a condition between sleeping and waking, and did not move as they came in. Mr. Gryce at once withdrew out of sight, and, with finger on his lip, put himself in the attitude of waiting. Miss Firman, surprised, and, possibly, curious, took her stand at the foot of the bed.

A few minutes passed thus, during which a strange dreariness seemed to settle upon the room; then the old lady spoke again, this time repeating the words he had first heard, but in a tone which betrayed an increased perplexity.

"Was it Clemmens or was it Orcutt? I wish somebody would tell me."

Instantly Mr. Gryce, with his soft tread, drew near to the old lady's side, and, leaning over her, murmured, gently:

"I think it was Orcutt."

Instantly the old lady breathed a deep sigh and moved.

"Then her name was Mrs. Orcutt," said she, "and I thought you always called her Clemmens."

Miss Firman, recoiling, stared at Mr. Gryce, on whose cheek a faint spot of red had appeared—a most unusual token of emotion with him.

"Did she say it was Mrs. Orcutt?" he pursued, in the even tones he had before used.

"She said—"

But here the old lady opened her eyes, and, seeing her daughter standing at the foot of her bed, turned away with a peevish air, and restlessly pushed her hand under the pillow.

Mr. Gryce at once bent nearer.

"She said—" he suggested, with careful gentleness.

But the old lady made no answer. Her hand seemed to have touched some object for which she was seeking, and she was evidently oblivious to all else. Miss Firman came about and touched Mr. Gryce on the shoulder.

"It is useless," said she; "she is awake now, and you won't hear anything more; come!"

And she drew the reluctant detective back again into the other room.

"What does it all mean?" she asked, sinking into a chair.

Mr. Gryce did not answer. He had a question of his own to put.

"Why did your mother put her hand under her pillow?" he asked.

"I don't know, unless it was to see if her big envelope was there."

"Her big envelope?"

"Yes; for weeks now, ever since she took to her bed, she has kept a paper in a big envelope under her pillow. What is in it I don't know, for she never seems to hear me when I inquire."

"And have you no curiosity to find out?"

"No, sir. Why should I? It might easily be my father's old letters sealed up, or, for that matter, be nothing more than a piece of blank paper. My mother is not herself, as I have said before."

"I should like a peep at the contents of that envelope," he declared.

"You?"

"Is there any name written on the outside?"

"No."

"It would not be violating any one's rights, then, if you opened it."

"Only my mother's, sir."

"You say she is not in her right mind?"

"All the more reason why I should respect her whims and caprices."

"Wouldn't you open it if she were dead?"

"Yes."

"Will it be very different then from what it is now? A father's letters, a blank piece of paper! What harm would there be in looking at them?"

"My mother would know it, if I took them away. It might excite and injure her."

"Put another envelope in the place of this one, with a piece of paper folded up in it."

"It would be a trick."

"I know it, but if Craik Mansell can be saved even by a trick, I should think you would be willing to venture on one."

"Craik Mansell? What has he got to do with the papers under my mother's pillow?"

"I cannot say that he has anything to do with them; but if he has—if, for instance, that envelope should contain, not a piece of blank paper, or even the letters of your father, but such a document, say, as a certificate of marriage—"

"A certificate of marriage?"

"Yes, between Mrs. Clemmens and Mr. Orcutt, it would not take much perspicacity to prophesy an acquittal for Craik Mansell."

"Mary Ann the wife of Mr. Orcutt! Oh, that is impossible!" exclaimed the agitated spinster. But even while making this determined statement, she turned a look full of curiosity and excitement towards the door which separated them from her mother's apartment.

Mr. Gryce smiled in his wise way.

"Less improbable things than that have been found to be true in this topsy-turvy world," said he. "Mrs. Clemmens might very well have been Mrs. Orcutt."

"Do you really think so?" she asked, and yielding with sudden impetuosity to the curiosity of the moment, she at once dashed from his side and disappeared in her mother's room. Mr. Gryce's smile took on an aspect of triumph.

It was some few moments before she returned, but when she did, her countenance was flushed with emotion.

"I have it," she murmured, taking out a packet from under her apron and tearing it open with trembling fingers.

A number of closely written sheets fell out.

## CHAPTER XLV.—THE WIDOW CLEMSENS.

"Discovered.  
The secret that so long hath hovered  
Upon the misty verge of Truth."

—LONGFELLOW.

"WELL, and what is the truth?" It was Mr. Ferris who spoke. The week which Mr. Gryce had demanded for his inquiries had fully elapsed, and the three detectives stood before him ready with their report.

It was Mr. Gryce who replied.

"Sir," said he, "our opinions have not been changed by the discoveries which we have made. It was Mr. Orcutt who killed Mrs. Clemmens, and for the reason already stated that she stood in the way of his marrying Miss Dare. Mrs. Clemmens was his wife."

"His wife?"

"Yes, sir; and, what is more, she has been so for years; before either of them came to Sibley, in fact."

The District-attorney looked stunned.

"It was while they lived West," said Byrd.

"He was a poor schoolmaster, and she a waitress in some hotel. She was pretty then, and he thought he loved her. At all events, he induced her to marry him, and then kept it secret because he was afraid she would lose her place at the hotel, where she was getting very good wages. You see, he had even then the makings in him of a villain."

"And was it a real marriage?"

"There is a record of it," said Hickory.

"And did he never acknowledge it?"

"Not openly," answered Byrd. "The commonness of the women seemed to revolt him after he was married to her, and when in a month or so he received the summons East, which opened up before him the career of a lawyer, he determined to drop her and start afresh. He accordingly left town without notifying her, and actually succeeded in reaching the railway depot twenty miles away before he was stopped. But here, a delay occurring in the departure of the trains, she was enabled to overtake him, and a stormy scene ensued. What its exact nature was we, of course, cannot say, but from the results it is evident that he told her his prospects had changed and with them his tastes and requirements; that she was not the woman he thought her, and that he could not and would not take her East with him as his wife; while she, on her side, displayed full as much spirit as he, and replied that if he could desert her like this he wasn't the kind of a man she could love or live with, and that he could go if he wished; only that he must acknowledge her claims upon him by giving her a yearly stipend, according to his income and success. At all events, some such compromise was effected, for he came East and she went back to Swanson. She did not stay there long, however; for the next we know she was in Sibley, where she set up her own little housekeeping arrangements under his very eye. More than that, she prevailed upon him to visit her daily, and even to take a meal at her house, her sense of justice seeming to be satisfied if he showed her this little attention and gave to no other woman the place he denied her. It was the weakness shown in this last requirement that doubtless led to her death. She would stand anything but a rival. He knew this, and preferred crime to the loss of the woman he loved."

"You speak very knowingly," said Mr. Ferris. "May I ask where you received your information?"

It was Mr. Gryce who answered.

"From letters. Mrs. Clemmens was one of those women who love to put their feelings on paper. Fortunately for us, such women are not rare. See here!" And he pulled out before the District-attorney a pile of old letters in the widow's well-known handwriting.

"Where did you find these?" asked Mr. Ferris.

"Well," said Mr. Gryce, "I found them in rather a curious place. They were in the keeping of old Mrs. Firman, Miss Firman's



mother. Mrs. Clemmens, or, rather, Mrs. Orcutt, got frightened some two years ago at the disappearance of her marriage certificate from the place where she had always kept it hidden, and, thinking that Mr. Orcutt was planning to throw her off, she resolved to provide herself with a confident capable of standing by her in case she wished to assert her rights. She chose old Mrs. Firman. Why, when Mrs. Firman's daughter would have been so much more suitable for the purpose, it is hard to tell; possibly the widow's pride revolted from telling a woman of her own years of the indignities she had suffered. However that may be, it was to the old lady she told her story and gave these letters—letters which, as you will see, are not written to any special person, but are rather the separate leaves of a journal which she kept to show the state of her feelings from time to time.

"And this?" inquired Mr. Ferris, taking up a sheet of paper written in a different handwriting from the rest.

"This is an attempt on the part of the old lady to put on paper the story which had been told her. She evidently thought herself too old to be intrusted with a secret so important, and, fearing loss of memory or perhaps sudden death, took this means of explaining how she came into possession of her cousin's letters. 'Twas a wise precaution. Without it we would have missed the clue to the widow's journal. For the old lady's brain gave way when she heard of the widow's death, and had it not been for a special stroke of good luck on my part, we might have remained some time longer in ignorance of what very valuable papers she secretly held in her possession."

"I will read the letters," said Mr. Ferris. Seeing from his look that he only waited their departure to do so, Mr. Gryce and his subordinates rose.

"I think you will find them satisfactory," drawled Hickory.

"If you do not," said Mr. Gryce, "then give a look at this telegram. It is from Swanson, and notifies us that a record of a marriage between Benjamin Orcutt—Mr. Orcutt's middle name was Benjamin—and Mary Mansell can be found in the old town-books."

Mr. Ferris took the telegram, the shade of sorrow settling heavier and heavier on his brow.

"I see," said he, "I have got to accept your conclusions. Well, there are those among the living who will be greatly relieved by these discoveries. I will try and think of that."

Yet, after the detectives were gone, and he sat down in solitude before these evidences of his friend's perfidy, it was many long and dreary moments before he could summon up courage to peruse them. But when he did, he found in them all that Mr. Gryce had promised. As my readers may feel some interest to know how the seeming widow bore the daily trial of her life, I will give a few extracts from these letters. The first bears date of fourteen years back, and was written after she came to Sibley:

"NOVEMBER 8TH, 1867.—In the same town! Within a stone's throw of the court house, where, they tell me, his business will soon take him almost every day! Isn't it a triumph? and am I not to be congratulated upon my bravery in coming here? He hasn't seen me yet, but I have seen him. I crept out of the house at nightfall on purpose. He was sauntering down the street and he looked—it makes my blood boil to think of it—he looked happy."

"NOVEMBER 10TH, 1867.—Clemmens, Clemmens—that is my name, and I have taken the title of widow. What a fate for a woman with a husband in the next street! He saw me to-day. I met him in the open square, and I looked him right in the face. How he did quail! It just does me good to think of it. Perk and haughty as he is, he grew as white as a sheet when he saw me, and, though he tried to put on airs and carry it off with a high hand, he failed, just as I knew he would when he came to meet me on even ground. Oh, I'll have my way now, and if I choose to stay in this place where I can keep my eye on him, he won't dare to say, No. The only thing I fear is that he will do me a secret mischief some day. His look was just murderous when he left me."

"FEBRUARY 24TH, 1868.—Can I stand it? I ask myself that every morning when I get up. Can I stand it? To sit all alone in my little narrow room and know that he is going about as gay as you please with people who wouldn't look at me twice. It's awful hard; but it would be worse still to be where I couldn't see what he was up to. Then I should imagine all sorts of things. No, I will just grit my teeth and bear it. I'll get used to it after a while."

"OCTOBER 7TH, 1868.—If he says he never loved me he lies. He did, or why did he marry me? I never asked him. He teased me into it, saying my saucy ways had bewitched him. A month after, it was common ways, rude ways, such ways as he wouldn't have in a wife. That's the kind of man he is."

"MAY 11TH, 1869.—One thing I will say of him. He don't pay no heed to women. He's too busy, I guess. He don't seem to think of anything but to get along, and he does get along remarkably. I'm awful proud of him. He's taken to defending criminals lately. They almost all get off."

"OCTOBER 6TH, 1870.—He pays me but a pittance. How can I look like anything, or hold my head up with the ladies here if I cannot get enough together to buy me a new Fall hat. I will not go to church looking like a farmer's wife, if I haven't any education or any manners. I'm as good as anybody here if they but knew it, and deserve to dress as well. He must give me more money."

"NOVEMBER 2D, 1870.—No, he sha'n't give me a cent more. If I can't go to church I will stay at home. He sha'n't say I stood in his way of becoming a great man. He is too good for me. I saw it to-day when he got up in the court to speak. I was there with a thick veil over my face, for I was determined to know whether he was as smart as folks say or not. And he just is! Oh, how beautiful he did look, and how everybody held their breaths while he was speaking. I felt like jumping up and saying, 'This is my husband; we were married two years ago.' Wouldn't I have raised a rumpus if I had. I guess the poor man he was pleading for would not have been remembered very long after that. My husband! The thought makes me laugh. No other woman can call him that, anyhow. He is mine, mine, mine, and I mean he shall stay so."

"JANUARY 9TH, 1871.—I feel awful blue to night. I have been thinking about those Hildreths. How they would like to have me dead! And so would Tremont, though he don't say nothing. I like to call him Tremont; it makes me feel as if he belonged to me. What if that wicked Gouverneur Hildreth should know I lived so much alone? I don't believe he would stop at killing me. And my husband! He is equal to telling him I have no protector. Oh, what a dreadful wickedness it is in me to put that down on paper. It isn't so—it isn't so; my

husband wouldn't do me any harm if he could. If ever I'm found dead in my bed, it will be the work of that Toledo man and of nobody else."

"MARCH 2D, 1872.—I hope I am going to have some comfort now. Tremont has begun to pay me more money. He had to. He isn't a poor man any more, and when he moves into his big house, I am going to move into a certain little cottage I have found just around the corner. If I can't have no other pleasures, I will at least have a kitchen I can call my own, and a parlor, too. What if there don't no company come to it; they would if they knew. I've just heard from Adelaide. She says Craik is getting to be a big boy, and is so smart."

"JUNE 10TH, 1872.—What's the use of having a home? I declare I feel just like breaking down and crying. I don't want company; if women folks, they're always talking about their husbands and children; and if men, they're always saying, 'My wife's this, and my wife's that.' But I do want him. It's my right; what if I couldn't say three words to him that was agreeable, I could look at him and think: 'This splendid gentleman is my husband, I ain't so much alone in the world as folks think.' I'll put on my bonnet and run down the street. Perhaps I'll see him sitting in the club-house window!"

"EVENING.—I hate him. He has a hard, cruel, wicked heart. When I got to the club-house window he was sitting there, so I just went walking by, and he saw me and came out and hustled me away with terrible words, saying he wouldn't have me hanging round where he was; that I had promised not to bother him, and that I must keep my word, or he would see me—he didn't say where, but it's easy enough to guess. So—so he thinks he'll put an end to my coming to see him, does he? Well, perhaps, he can; but if he does, he shall pay for it by coming to see me. I'll not sit day in and day out alone without the glimpse of a face I love, not while I have a husband in the same town with me. He shall come if it is only for a moment each day, or I'll dare everything and tell the world I am his wife."

"JUNE 16TH, 1872.—He had to consent! Meek as I have been, he knows it won't do to rouse me too much. So to-day he came in to dinner, and he did feel when I saw his face on the other side of the table! I didn't know whether I hated him or loved him. But I am sure now I hated him, for he scarcely spoke to me all the time he was eating, and when he was through, he went away just as a stranger would have done. He means to act like a boarder, and, goodness me, he's welcome to it if he isn't going to act like a husband! The hard, selfish—Oh, oh, I love him!"

"AUGUST 5TH, 1872.—It is no use; I'll never be a happy woman. Tremont has been in so regularly to dinner lately, and shown me such a kind face, I thought I would venture upon a little familiarity. It was only to lay my hand upon his arm, but it made him very angry, and I thought he would strike me. Am I then actually hateful to him? or is he so proud he cannot bear the thought of my having the right to touch him. I looked in the glass when he went out. I am plain and homespun, that's a fact. Even my red cheeks are gone, and the dimples which once took his fancy. I shall never lay the tip of a finger on him again."

"FEBRUARY 13TH, 1873.—What shall I cook for him to-day? Something that he likes. It is my only pleasure to see how he does enjoy my meals. I should think they would choke him; they do sometimes. But men are made of iron—ambitious men, anyhow. Little they care what suffering they cause, so long as they have a good time and get all the praises they want. He gets them more and more every day. He will soon be as far above me as I am. I had married the President himself. Oh, sometimes when I think of it, and remember he is my own husband, I just feel as if some awful fate was preparing for him or me."

"JUNE 7TH, 1873.—Would he send for me if he was dying? No. He hates me; he hates me."

"SEPTEMBER 8TH, 1874.—Craik was here to-day; he is just going North to earn a few dollars in the logging business. What a keen eye he has, for a boy of his years! I shouldn't wonder if he made a powerful smart man some day. If he's only good, too, and kind to his women-folks, I sha'n't mind. But a smart man who is all for himself is an awful trial to those who love him. Don't I know? Haven't I suffered? Craik must never be like him."

"DECEMBER 21ST, 1875.—One thousand dollars. That's a nice little sum to have put away in the bank. So long as I get out of my husband's fame, anyhow, I will make my will, for I want Craik to have what I leave. He's a fine lad."

"FEBRUARY 19TH, 1876.—I was thinking the other day, suppose I did die suddenly. It would be dreadful to have the name of Clemmens put on my tombstone. But it would be. Tremont would never let the truth be known if he had to rifle my dead body for my marriage certificate. What shall I do, then? Tell anybody who I am. It seems just as if I couldn't. Either the whole world must know it, or just himself and me alone. Oh, I wish I had never been born."

"JUNE 17TH, 1876.—Why wasn't I made handsome and fine and nice? Think where I would be if I was! I'd be in that big house of his, courtesying to all the grand folks as go there. I went to see it last night. It was dark as pitch in the streets, and I went into the gate and all around the house. I walked upon the piazza, too, and rubbed my hand along the window-ledge and up and down the doors. It's mighty nice, all of it, and there sha'n't be a square inch on that whole ground that my foot sha'n't go over. I wish I could get inside the house once."

"JULY 1ST, 1876.—I have done it. I went to see Mr. Orcutt's sister. I had a right. Isn't he away and isn't he my boarder, and didn't I want to know when he was coming home? She's a soft, good-natured piece, and let me peek into the library without saying a word. What a room it is! I just felt like I'd been struck when I saw it and spied his chair sitting there and all those books heaped around and the things on the mantel-shelf and the pictures on the walls. What would I do in such a place as that? I could keep it clean, but so could any gal he might hire. Oh, me! oh, me! I wish he'd given me a chance. Perhaps if he had loved me I might have learned to be quiet and nice like that silly sister of his."

"JANUARY 12TH, 1877.—Some women would take a heap of delight in having folks know they were the wife of a great man, but I find lots of pleasure in being so without folks knowing it. If I lived in his big house and was called Mrs. Orcutt, why, he would have nothing to be afraid of and might do as he pleased; but now he has to do what I please. Sometimes, when I sit down on an evening in my little sitting room to sew, I think how this famous man whom everybody is afraid of has to come and go just as humble me wants him to; and it makes me hug myself with pride. It's as if I had a string tied round his little finger which I can pull now and then. I don't pull it much; but I do sometimes."

"MARCH 30TH, 1877.—Gouverneur Hildreth is dead. I shall never be his victim at any rate. Shall I ever be the victim of anybody? I don't feel as if I cared now. For one kiss I would sell my life and die happy."

"There is a young Gouverneur, but it will be years before he will be old enough to make me afraid of him."

"NOVEMBER 16TH, 1878.—I should think that Tremont would be lonely in that big house of his. If he had a heart he would. They say he reads all the time. How can folks pore so over books? I can't. I'd rather sit in my chair and think. What story in all the books is equal to mine?"

"APRIL 23D, 1879.—I am growing very settled in my ways. Now that Tremont comes in almost every day, I'm satisfied not to see any other company. My house affairs keep me busy, too. I like to have it all nice for him. I believe I could almost be happy if he'd only smile once in a while when he meets my eye. But he never does. Oh, well, we all have our crosses, and he's a very great man."

"JANUARY 18TH, 1880.—He went to a ball last night. What does it mean? He never seemed to care for things like that. Is there any girl he is after?"

"FEBRUARY 6TH, 1880.—Oh, he has been riding with a lady, has he? It was in the next town, and he thought I wouldn't hear. But there's a little he does that I don't know about; let him make himself sure of that. I even know her name; it is Selina Pratt. If he goes with her again, look out for a disturbance. I'll not stand his making love to another woman."

"MAY 26TH, 1880.—My marriage certificate is missing. Can it be that Tremont has taken it. I have looked all through the desk where I have kept it for so many years, but I cannot find it. He was left alone in the house a few minutes the other day. Could he have taken the chance to rob me of the only proof I have that we are man and wife? If he has he is a villain at heart, and is capable of doing anything, even of marrying this Pratt girl, who he has taken riding again. The worst is that I dare not accuse him of having my certificate; for, if he didn't take it and should find out it is gone, he'd throw me off just as quick as if he had. What shall I do, then? Something. He shall never marry another woman while I live."

"MAY 30TH, 1880.—The Pratt girl is gone. If he cared for her it was only for a week, like an old love I could mention. I think I feel safe again, only I am convinced some one ought to know my secret besides myself. Shall it be Emily? No. I'd rather tell her mother."

"JUNE 9TH, 1880.—I am going to Utica. I shall take these letters with me. Perhaps I shall leave them. For the last time, then, let me say, 'I am the lawful wife of Tremont Benjamin Orcutt, the lawyer, who lives in Sibley, New York.' We were married in Swanson, Nevada, on the 3d of July, 1867, by a traveling minister, named George Sinclair."

"MARY ANN ORCUTT, Sibley, N. Y."

(To be continued.)

#### THE NEWBURGH CENTENNIAL.

ONE of the last of the Centennial celebrations of events connected with the foundation of the Government occurs this week at Newburgh, N. Y., which is famous as the seat of Washington's headquarters during the last days of the Revolutionary War. This historic structure still remains intact, and is one of the most interesting relics in the land. It stands on a bluff overlooking the Hudson for eight miles to Newburgh, and was selected because of its commanding position. The house is a quaint building, built of stone, with walls two feet in thickness, and has a great pointed roof which is much higher than the body of the house. There are six rooms, besides the kitchen on the first floor, the main one having been celebrated for a century as "the room with seven doors and one window." Its huge open fireplace is large enough to roast an ox, and from the hearthstone one can look up through the tall chimney and see the sky.

This room witnessed one of the most important events in our history, for it was in it that Washington was tendered a Dictatorship and spurned the offer with contempt. Indignant at the neglect which they suffered from Congress, the officers of the army resolved to take matters into their own hands, and sent one of their number to Washington to present their scheme for making him Dictator. The matter took Washington entirely by surprise, and he repelled the proposition with a fiery burst of indignation.

An occasion not less critical arose soon after. The army had fought for years, ill-clad and worse fed. For that they cared nothing, but they were not paid, and their wives and children were dying of hardships. What was worse yet, Congress showed no appreciation of their woes. The soldiers had neither sympathy nor cash, but they determined to have their revenge. The war was over, but its fruits threatened to be lost in a mutinous outbreak which could not be controlled, and the result of which must have been terrible. The occasion was not one for high-handed measures, and it is not to be doubted that Washington scarcely knew how he should address the meeting of Generals which had been summoned by the malcontents to decide what course the army should take. His first few words were involuntary, but they set the key of the occasion. His spectacles gave him trouble. As he adjusted them he said: "These eyes, my friends, have grown dim and these locks white in the service, yet I never doubted the justice of my country." With difficulty he controlled his emotion, and proceeded in the calm eloquence so peculiarly his own. Within an hour the Generals who had resolved to betray him passed formal resolutions assuring him of their affection, and justified their words by their deeds.

It was at Newburgh, too, that Washington issued, on April 18th, 1783, his proclamation announcing the close of the war, which was celebrated by bonfires on the mountain tops, and it was at Newburgh on the 3d of November following that the army was formally disbanded and Washington delivered his immortal farewell address.

The disbanding of the army was marked by incidents of the most touching character. Many of the officers were penniless; all were unaccustomed to the affairs of civil life, and unprepared for the pursuits of peace. Many a face that had never blanched in battle paled at the prospect of poverty and helplessness. One of these, Colonel Cochrane, a brave, gallant officer, whose wife and daughters occupied a wretched tavern, was so entirely destitute of means for their removal as to be reduced to desperation. It is recorded that the kind-hearted Steuben, seeing his pitiable plight, visited the tavern and emptied his purse on the table around which the ladies were sitting in deepest despondency; but this was only one case of relief out of hundreds of equal sadness in which relief was impossible.

Newburgh very properly determined to celebrate these notable events in the history of the Revolutionary struggle, and the 18th of October was selected as the day. Both the State and the National Governments gladly accepted invitations to participate, and made liberal appropriations. The programme for the day covers every hour from sunrise till long after sunset, including salutes from the shore and from the war-vessels on the water. The main features are a procession, exercises on the grounds surrounding Washington's Headquarters (where a thirty-five thousand dollar obelisk is to be erected in commemoration of the events celebrated), and a display of fireworks. Bodies of cavalry, artillery and infantry from the regular army, sailors and marines from the navy, a number of regiments of the New York State National Guard, Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, and civil organizations of various sorts, participate in the parade. Senator Bayard presides at the Headquarters' exercises, William M. Everts delivers the oration, and Wallace Bruce reads a poem.

#### AN OLD GERMANTOWN TAVERN.

ONE of the oldest buildings in Germantown, now a part of Philadelphia, around which cluster Revolutionary associations of great interest, is the Buck Tavern. It is situated on the Main Street, near the celebrated Chew Mansion, and, while it has undergone many changes, still presents the more salient features which characterized it in the days when it was the resort of Revolutionary patriots and officers of the Continental Army. The sign is still the same in design as a hundred years ago, and for over half a century the same person has presided over the fortunes of the house.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Duke of Argyll has been made a Knight of the Garter.

MISS HOWARD, an American lady, is one of the most distinguished physicians in China.

IT is stated that Senator Sharon pays one per cent. of all the taxes collected in San Francisco.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPPA's memory is to be honored by the erection of a monument at Marshfield, Mass.

MRS. J. M. HANNIG, the only survivor of the fall of the Alamo, died at Austin, Texas, a few days ago.

MR. HENRY IRVING, the actor, and Miss Ellen Terry, the actress, sailed from Liverpool for New York on October 11th.

MRS. WHITESIDE, who has owned the famous Lookout Mountain, in Tennessee, is about to sell the huge pile of rocks.

MRS. EDISON, the wife of the inventor, is the originator of what promises to be a popular arrangement of the electric light in chandeliers.

ROSA BONHEUR's latest fancy is for painting zebras. She has reached her sixty first year, is hale and hearty, and indifferent to the world's opinion.

SCHILLING, the sculptor of the Niederwald monument to Germania, has been decorated by the Emperor of Germany and presented with 30,000 marks.

MR. IRVING's eldest son, who is being educated at Marlborough School, wants to join the stage. His father opposes it until his university career is completed.

GENERAL CHAMBERLAIN will continue to lecture on constitutional law at Bowdoin College. He has greatly improved since his severe surgical operation was performed.

A FUND has been started in Cork for the erection of a national monument to the late Father Burke, the well-known Dominican priest. Among the subscribers is Mr. Parrell.

THE Rev. John George Wood, M. A., F. L. S., the distinguished naturalist, has accepted appointments to deliver lectures in Lowell Institute, of Boston, and the Cooper Institute, of New York.

SEÑOR CASTELLAR, the great Spanish republican, is engaged in making a tour of Switzerland for the purpose of collecting material for the "History of the Reformation," which he has undertaken to compose.

MR. TERATHIMA, the Japanese Minister at Washington, having been granted leave of absence to return to his country, Mr. Naito Rujiro, the Secretary of the Legation, has been instructed to act as *chargé d'affaires*.

MINISTER MORTON and his family are at present sojourning at Poissy. Among their guests are a large number of prominent Americans, and each day is devoted to entertainments especially arranged for their enjoyment.

DR. H. VON HOLTZ, of Germany, whose work on constitutional history recently excited such wide comment, is now delivering a course of lectures on the relation of history to politics before the students of Johns Hopkins University.

THE funeral of M. Tourguénief, the Russian novelist, took place at St. Petersburg, October 9th. Thousands of people marched in the procession that followed his remains to the grave, and the streets and windows of residences on the route were also crowded.

THE Marquis of Lansdowne is expected to reach Quebec and be sworn in as Governor general of Canada on the 22d inst., the same day on which the Marquis of Lorne sails for home. The Queen will create Lord Lorne a Knight of the Garter upon his arrival in England.

MESSES. MOODY and SANKEY, the revivalists, began their series of meetings in Ireland on October 10th, the Royal Theatre being crowded to its utmost capacity. The service consisted of singing by Mr. Sankey and two addresses by Mr. Moody. The audience appeared to be spellbound under Mr. Moody's preaching.

THIRTY-FIVE thousand dollars has been raised by the three Lee Monument Associations in the South. As soon as the political campaign is ended steps will be taken to erect the monument in Richmond to General Lee. It is proposed to lay the corner stone in October of next year. Ex-Confederate soldiers from every section of the South will be present.

THE Empress Eugénie has been recently making herself quite popular at Aldershot. Her estate at Farnborough is conveniently near the southern camp, and she has not only taken interest in regimental buildings, and devoted some little time to their inspection, but has also been at the railway station to see off regiments which were ordered on foreign service.

MR. BLAINE has nearly completed his history, "From Lincoln to Garfield." He will then begin on a History of the War of 1812. From a personal friend it is learned that he was offered \$100,000 cash for "From Lincoln to Garfield," in two volumes. He decided not to accept this, but by the advice of a friend will insist upon a royalty of fifty cents per volume.

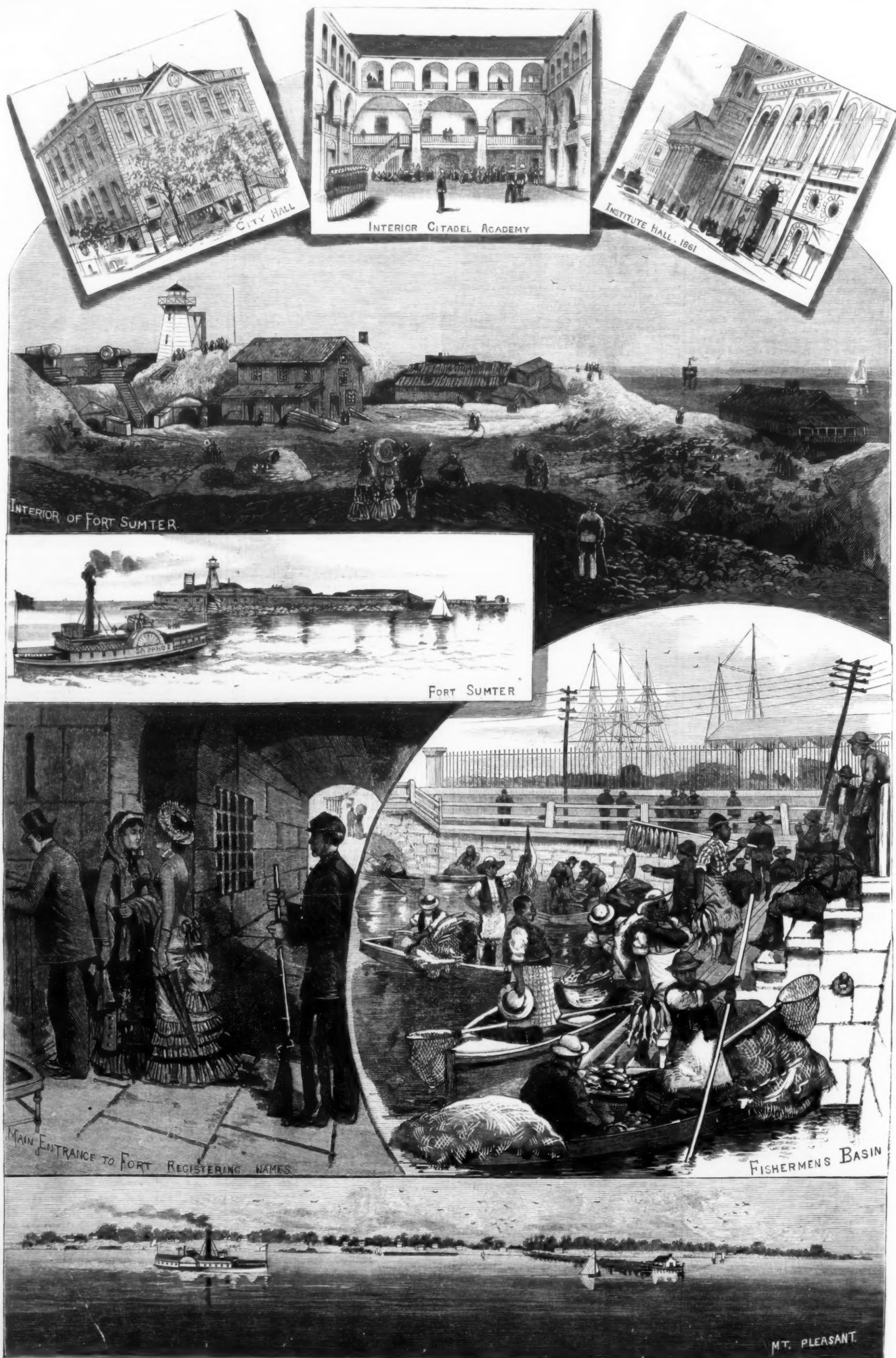
HUGH J. HASTINGS left \$5,000 to his brother Richard, \$5,000 to Robert, another brother, and \$2,500 to a third brother, William. The testator's interest in the New York Commercial Advertiser goes to his nephews, John, Hugh, Schoolcraft, William and John, sons of Richard. The remainder of the estate goes to Mrs. Hastings, the widow. President Arthur is one of the executors of the will.

REV. MR. MOLESWORTH and Rev. W. H. Robertson, of Washington, Durham County, England, are in New York, to collect money for the erection of a memorial tower to General Washington for a church now being erected in Durham. They came at the suggestion of the Bishop of Durham, and have a deed of property in Washington, made in 1637 by a certain William de Washington, who is claimed to be one of George Washington's ancestors.

MISS EMILY MCTAVISH, daughter of Mrs. Charles Carroll McTavish, of Baltimore, took her final vows as a religious, at Mount De Sales Convent, near Cantonville, last week. Miss McTavish, now known as Sister Mary Agnes, is a descendant of Charles Carroll of Carrollton and granddaughter of the late General W. D. Scott, and for several seasons she has been very prominent in Baltimore social circles. It is stated that a few days ago she executed a deed relinquishing all claims to her father's estate in favor of her family.

LORD CARNARVON has agreed to head a syndicate for the purpose of purchasing an immense tract of land in Western Australia. A large portion of this land will be assigned to emigrants, who in return for the labor will receive seeds and implements. The syndicate will take a mortgage on the land and crop of each settler, and will accept a yearly sum against the mortgage until it is lifted entirely. When this has been accomplished the tenant will be entitled to an absolute ownership in fee simple of the property which he has by his efforts made to pay for itself.





SOUTH CAROLINA.—OBJECTS AND PLACES OF INTEREST IN AND AROUND THE CITY OF CHARLESTON.  
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 135.





NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE REV. FERDINAND C. EWER,  
RECTOR OF ST. IGNATIUS'S P. E. CHURCH.

#### THE LATE REV. DR. F. C. EWER.

THE sudden and startling death of Dr. Ferdinand C. Ewer, the rector of St. Ignatius's Church, in New York city, sent a shock through the great church of which he was a member. Not an old man, he was literally worked to death. He was one of the most aggressive men the Church ever produced. He represented its advanced and most vigorous thought with singular simplicity and fidelity. Always in the forefront of the battle, his warfare has ended only with his life.

Dr. Ewer was born in Nantucket, Mass., May 22d, 1826. The faith of his fathers was Unitarian, but young Ewer early became a Trinitarian. Graduating from Harvard University in 1848, he left that institution an avowed infidel, but a deeper study and a closer examination of the claims of Christianity restored him to the Church. He was a "Ritualist" from the first.

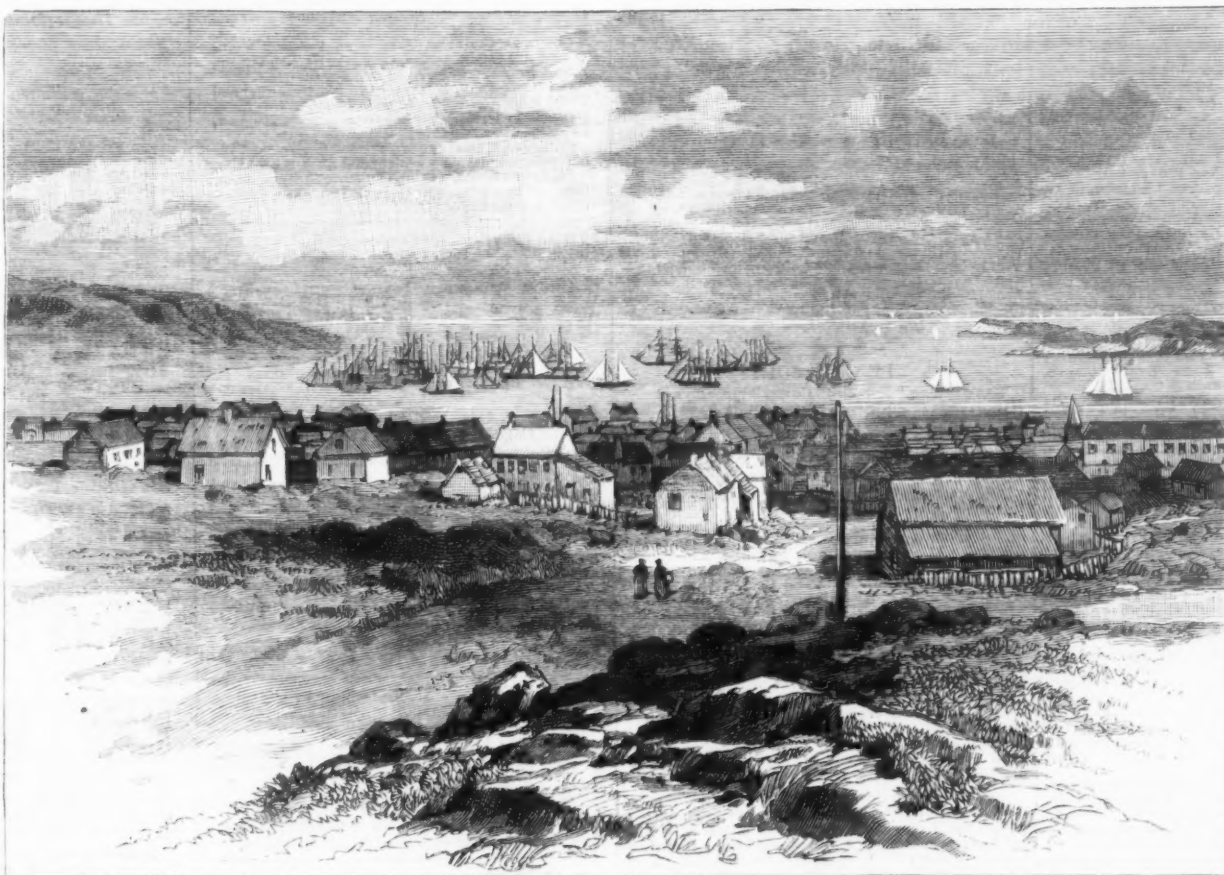
Immediately after his graduation he adopted the profession of a civil engineer, and was employed by the Boston and Fitchburg Railroad Company when its first double track was laid. In the pursuit of his profession he went to California in 1849, but did not succeed in finding an opening. He then turned his attention to literature, and became a contributor to the *Pacific News*, the first paper published in California, ultimately becoming its editor. In 1850, in company with others, Mr. Ewer started the *Sacramento Transcript*, a daily newspaper, and this proving unfortunate, subsequently established the *Sunday Dispatch* in San Francisco, and also became connected with the *Alta California*. In 1854 he became editor of the *Pioneer*, the first magazine published in California. At this time he was also a member of the Vigilance Committee. Custom House.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ewer had again betaken himself to the study of theological subjects, and his religious views, for the second time,

were entirely changed. He began to study for the Episcopal ministry, and was ordained by Bishop Kip in 1858. He was shortly afterwards made assistant rector of Grace Church, San Francisco, and when Bishop Kip suddenly resigned, he was given the rectorship. While in California he suffered from asthma, and in 1860 he came East for the benefit of his health. He did not again return to California. Soon after his arrival in New York he was appointed assistant to the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet at St. Ann's Church, in Eighteenth Street. In 1862 he became rector of Christ Church. There, in 1868, he preached his famous series of sermons on "The Failure of Protestantism." The ritualistic practices which he introduced into the church, and which, to him, had the loftiest spiritual meaning, excited much opposition on the part of some of his parishioners; but thinking as he did, he held firmly to them. The Bishop of Connecticut threatened to present him for a sermon preached in his diocese, and there were other menaces more or less serious. In 1871 Dr. Ewer resigned from Christ Church, and his friends in that church immediately organized the new parish of St. Ignatius, of which Dr. Ewer remained in charge until his death. He took a prominent part in frequent controversies in defense of his ritualistic doctrines. Dr. Ewer was married in 1854 to Miss Sophie Mandie Congdon, a sister of Charles T. Congdon, who was for many years connected with the New York Tribune.



NEW YORK CITY.—MODEL OF BARTHOLOMEW'S STATUE OF LIBERTY, WITH THE PEDESTAL.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.



NEWFOUNDLAND.—VIEW OF ST. PIERRE AND THE ROADSTEAD, WHERE THE REMNANT OF THE FRENCH FISHING FLEET ANCHORED AFTER THE RECENT DISASTROUS CYCLONE.

FROM A PHOTO. BY J. F. MORRIS.—SEE PAGE 135.

tible in its nature, and unhesitatingly followed where he led. Gentleness and kindness beamed from his mild blue eyes, and one could scarcely believe, when talking with him, that this was the man who was so bitterly denounced by Low Churchmen for teaching doctrines which, in their view, were false. But this very sweetness of disposition gave him greater power for the work to which he stood committed. He died as he would have chosen—at the post of duty, with all his armor on—passing up from the field of actual conflict to the ever-lasting rest. In his decease the Catholic party in the Episcopal Church has lost its ablest champion, and his place is left vacant, for it cannot be filled.

#### THE BARTHOLOMEW STATUE.

WE give on this page an illustration of the model of Mr. Richard M. Hunt's design for the pedestal of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, which has been accepted by the American Committee, subject to such slight modifications as they may see fit to make. The central part of the pedestal presents a mass of rough ashlar-work, with headstones projecting at intervals on every third course. In the upper part, below the statue, the pedestal terminates with a bold but simple decorative feature, suggesting the timbers of a roof. Below this is smooth ashlar-work, and then come three courses of the rough ashlars,



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE OLD BUCK TAVERN, AN ANTE-REVOLUTIONARY STRUCTURE, AT GERMANTOWN.—SEE PAGE 139.

During the past Summer Dr. Ewer contributed an article, entitled "What is the Anglican Church?" to the July number of *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*. This called out a letter from Bishop Huntington, in reply to which Dr. Ewer penned an "Open Letter on the Catholic Movement," which was published in the Episcopal Church papers. This was the last literary work of his life and the culmination of a long series of controversial and religious writings.

Late in July last he left New York city for Jefferson, N. H., for much needed rest, but his indomitable spirit kept him even then hard at work. In the first week in October he left Jefferson for Montreal, still in search of health and rest, but on his first Sunday in that city he accepted an invitation to preach in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, and it was in this pulpit, on the morning of October 7th, in the midst of his sermon, that the fatal paralytic stroke came. He was removed to his hotel and lingered in unconsciousness till 4 A. M., October 9th, when he peacefully passed away in the presence of his wife and daughter.

Notwithstanding the immense personal force of the man, and the earnestness and thoroughness with which he fought the Church's battles, in private life there could be no sweeter, no more lovable, character than his. Always the perfect and courteous gentleman, he endeared himself to his friends, who clung to him with a personal love indestructible.



BOLIVIA.—GENERAL NARCISO CAMPERO, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.—SEE PAGE 142.



which serve to introduce an open gallery, with Tuscan columns on each of the four faces. The gallery communicates internally with the spiral stairway through which visitors will ascend to the head of the torch in the uplifted arm of the column, where comfortable seats will be provided for half a dozen persons. The bottom of the pedestal rests securely upon concrete, which is hidden by a broad terrace around the four sides, from which turf slopes down for thirty feet to the *terre-plein* of the ramparts. The slope is broken by four stairways, one on each face. From the terrace one gains access to the interior by four doorways of Etruscan form with heavy pediments. Above these doorways there is a broad frieze, adorned with bronze shields containing the arms of the different States. These are protected by an overhanging heavy cornice, which has the peculiar roof-like decoration so often found on Etruscan tombs. The model, as shown in our picture is practically a perfect representation of the pedestal as it will appear when the statue is raised on Bedloe's Island next summer.

#### GENERAL NARCISO CAMPERO, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF BOLIVIA.

GENERAL CAMPERO, to-day one of the most notable men in South America, was born on October 29th, 1815, in the Department of Tarija, Bolivia. He completed his military education in Europe, and served with distinction in the French Army. As Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain, France and Great Britain, he ably represented his native country; but it was during the war between Chili and allied Peru and Bolivia that he chiefly distinguished himself. He commanded personally at the battle of Tacna, where he displayed military sagacity and valor of the highest order. Subsequently he was elected Constitutional President of Bolivia, which elevated position he continues to fill with dignity. His administration has been exceedingly liberal and progressive, and perhaps none of his predecessors have enjoyed equal prestige and popularity.

#### AN IDEAL OFFICIAL.

WHILE the character of our diplomatic and consular service has been undeniably elevated during the past few years, it is not yet by any means what, as a whole, it should be. It is still too often the fact that our representatives are deficient in some of the primary qualifications needed for the satisfactory performance of their duties, and the proper maintenance of the dignity of their positions. How few of our Ministers and consuls, for instance, are familiar with the language of the countries to which they are credited? Happily, however, there is one official and one conspicuous point to which this criticism does not apply. Consul-general Walker, at Paris, is not only a thoroughly equipped American in his sympathies and attainments, but, fortunately for all Americans visiting the French capital, speaks the French language with the fluency of a native, and thus is able to be of infinite service to all who have a claim upon his country. At the same time he enjoys, by virtue of his exalted personal character, so high a social position that there is scarcely a door which his indorsement will not open to the worthy stranger. Mr. Walker is in the truest sense the ideal official. The estimate in which he is held by intelligent Frenchmen is well shown by the cordial reception of his eloquent address at the recent Lafayette banquet at Puy. This address, no less appropriate than eloquent, was published in full in the Paris journals—a compliment which has seldom been paid to the utterances of any American consular official, there or elsewhere, on a historic occasion.

#### BOOK NOTICE.

AMERICAN COMMONWEALTHS. VIRGINIA: A HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE. BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

The author is known as one of Virginia's most able and elegant writers, and it is highly satisfactory to see that the treatment of the history of the ancient commonwealth and its people has been confided to him. The idea of this series of history is excellent. It is to give the early history of each of the States which in its primitive growth helped to build up the American people and the American Government. Mr. Cooke traces with great graphic power and skill the social, religious and political growth of the Virginians, and the development of the true ideas of government as they took form in the contests with arbitrary power, which even the settlers of that thoroughly loyal, royalist and Episcopalian province were forced to enter upon in order to secure to themselves and bequeath to their children the inestimable right of freedom.

In the earliest period, martial law ground down the Virginians under its iron heel; and though the colony was the last to recognize the Commonwealth of England, the Restoration crippled it by the navigation laws, and the Government was handed over to adventurers. It became so intolerable that the people were in arms, but the leaders dearly paid the penalty, and some of the noblest sons of Virginia perished on the scaffold.

Under William and the Georges all free government was stifled, but the day of reckoning came, and the people had leaders in every way fitted to mold their future and the future of the whole country. Nowhere can all these influences be better studied than in the charming volume of John Esten Cooke.

#### FUN.

"My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer. "The plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "A hundred dollars, easy," was the reply.

LIFE is too short to try half-a-dozen different kinds of "Sure Cures." When one suffers with a cough or cold, stick to the best and use DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP; it will cure your cough, and never disappoint you. All druggists sell it at twenty-five cents a bottle.

#### A SECOND EMPHATIC INDORSEMENT.

MR. WM. B. MITCHELL, editor of the *Journal-Press*, St. Cloud, Minn., wrote to Mr. Wm. Penn Nixon, asking if a card with his signature, recommending COMPOUND OXYGEN, was genuine. Mr. Mitchell writes: "The following letter from Mr. Wm. Penn Nixon, the well-known editor of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, explains itself, and will be read with interest."

"THE INTER-OCEAN, Chicago, Jan. 16, 1883.

"MR. WM. B. MITCHELL, St. Cloud, Minn.:

"Dear Sir: I am always happy to bear testimony to the great value of Compound Oxygen, as manufactured by Drs. Starkey & Palen, Philadelphia. I think it the most important remedy for throat and lung troubles that was ever discovered. I feel that it saved my life, and I am always glad to recommend it to those that are suffering from such troubles. The card was not only genuine, but I indorse the remedy now as fully as I did in the card.

"Very truly yours, WM. PENN NIXON."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Brouchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address, Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philada.

#### HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. ADMIRABLE RESULTS IN FEVERS.

DR. J. J. RYAN, St. Louis, Mo., says: "I invariably prescribe it in fevers; also in convalescence from wasting and debilitating diseases, with admirable results. I also find it a tonic to an enfeebled condition of the genital organs."

"BUCHU-PAIRA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases. \$1.

WHEN you come to think of it, it is not odd that literary men prefer a pipe to a cigar. It is handier to smoke when they are writing, and ever so much cleaner. And then it gives them the true essence and flavor of the tobacco. In BLACKWELL'S DURHAM LONG CUT they have a source of solace and inspiration quite unknown when a less dainty and luxurious leaf is used.

ONE of the finest establishments in this country for the sale of fine Furs is the old firm of Messrs. EDWARD S. MASON & SONS, of No. 1010 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. They have been in the business since 1839, and the excellent reputation they have made for the sale of Furs is second to no other firm in the United States. They removed from No. 702 Arch St. to the "Vatican Building" in Chestnut St., and fitted it up in superb style. They have also added to their business Cloaks and Suits in cloths and silks as well as Furs, and at their opening last week it was a pleasure to see such elegant goods as well as to admire the palatial establishment where the latest Paris and London styles in Furs, Cloaks and Suits of the richest fabrics could be seen and purchased. The parlors for ladies are fitted up in exquisite taste, and the reception-room, with its furniture in natural woods, is exceedingly handsome. People visiting Philadelphia should not fail to visit this establishment.

THE shoddy Macramé Lace is made of Cotton; the real is made of Flax.

MR. WILLIAM B. BROKAW, of Newburgh, has designed and had struck a medal to commemorate the centennial celebration at that city. It is a little larger than a silver dollar, bearing on the obverse a representation of Washington's Headquarters and a monument erected to the memory of Uzal Knapp, the last of Washington's bodyguard, with the following inscription about the picture: "1783—Centennial—1883." Celebration at Newburgh, N. Y., October 18th. "Proclamation of Peace. Disbandment of the Army." On the reverse is the Washington family coat-of-arms—a shield of five bars and three stars, above which is a helmet, surrounded by a ducal coronet, from which a raven with raised wings is issuing. Surrounding this coat-of-arms is the following: "Washington's family coat-of-arms, from which the American flag was designed." "He was most nobly crowned by refusing to be crowned." Thirteen stars are also represented at regular intervals in a circular form on this side of the medal. The entire design is fine, and the emblems are artistically arranged.

#### DANDRUFF

IS REMOVED BY THE USE OF COCAINE.

AND it stimulates and promotes the growth of the hair.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are the best

ANGOSTURA BITTERS do not only distinguish themselves by their flavor and aromatic odor above all others generally used, but they are also a sure preventive for all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

#### BE CAREFUL!

THE genuine "ROUGH ON CORNS" is made only by E. S. WELLS (Proprietor of "ROUGH ON RATS"), and has laughing face of a man on labels. 15c. and 25c. bottles.

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STYPER & Co., at Nos. 739 and 741 Broadway, are now offering for home adornment rare old Tapestries, Marbles, Bronzes, Sevres, Dresden, Berlin, and Oriental Porcelain, gems of cabinet-work, and a large line of Silverware, suitable for wedding and other gifts.

TO USE Cotton instead of Flax in making Macramé Lace is to use Tinsel for Gold.

"I CAN not only recall each panoramic view that I saw, but I can have my friends share with me, for I carried with me a Tourist Camera. How fortunate it was that I learned, through a perusal of the book given away by the SCOVILL MFG. Co., of New York, how easily finished pictures could be made; and that I procured one of their reliable outfits!" Established in 1853, and having a reputation at stake as makers of photographic apparatus, the guarantee which the SCOVILL COMPANY give may be depended upon.

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First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1872. C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St., and Vienna. Raw meerschaum & amber for sale.

#### GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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- 5.—CAMEL'S HAIR CLOTH, 44-inch, at......75
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- 7.—SEALSKIN PLUSH, 52-inch, at.....7.50
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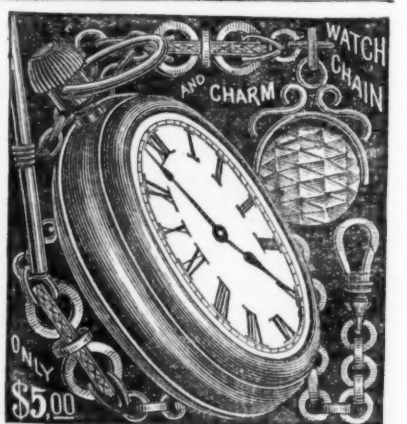
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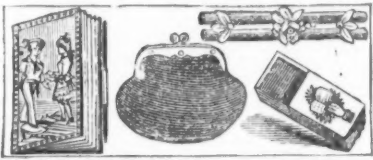
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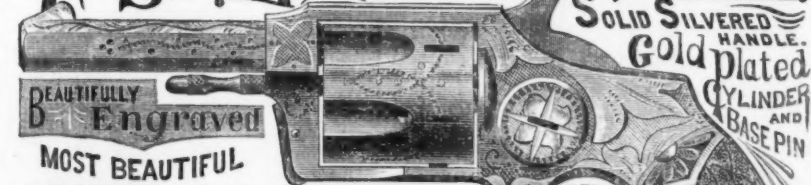
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